MACLEAN'S

DECEMBER 15 1951 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

The Secret Life of

MACKENZIE KING, SPIRITUALIST

By Blair Fraser

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EDITORIAL

Will the Gamblers Turn the Grey Cup Black?

ABOUT THE time this page went to press, most Canadians were preoccupied with one or both of two great public issues (a) Who was going to win the national rugby football final? (b) Who had a spare ticket?

Maclean's does not discount the importance of either question The frenzy which assails the nation on the eve of every Grey Cup game will doubtless cause some future field party of anthropologists to weep with indignation as it probes the dead bones of our civilization Let 'em go right ahead, it was fun while it lasted, anyway

Our only objection to the national epileptic fit which precedes and accompanies the big game is that it doesn't go far enough In their obsession with the immediate questions (who's going to win? who's got a ticket?) the people who govern and watch football in Canada have forgotten to ask a much bigger question Who's going to be the first player or team to sell this sacred folk rite, lock stock and goal posts, to the gamblers?

We do not think that football players are any less honest, basically, than athletes in general. If this judgment is correct that means they're pretty honest Over the years Canadian sport, both professional and amateur, has been remarkably free of scandal and no sport can point to a cleaner record than football's.

Nevertheless there are two conditions under which honesty in sport cannot indefinitely survive Honesty can survive under either one of these two conditions, but when the two conditions arise simultaneously the human race's immemorial urge to make a fast illicit buck can become dangerously insistent Canadian football is subject to both these conditions

The first of them is big betting Hundreds of thousands of dollars are bet every year on the Grey Cup game, much of it in very large sums by professional gamblers Any player or group of players who could and chose to lose a big football game for a price would have no difficulty in getting an attractive price

The second condition which traditionally invites the fix in sport is a cynical relationship between the employer and the employed Almost without exception the historic fixes in sport have occurred in a moral climate that was already unhealthy before anyone thought about engineering a fix There is a close parallel between the underpaid Chicago White Sox, who sold a World Series in 1919, and the scores of college students who, recruited and paid by their colleges to play basketball in defiance of the academic rules sold dozens of American basketball games during the last two or three years The common denominator to all fixes is the belief of the guilty player—which is often at least partly supported by the facts—that he is either being cheated by his employers or is being used by his employers to help cheat the opposition

Most Canadian football players are well paid and some of them are better paid than the straight economics of the game would seem to warrant Yet the terms on which this pay is customarily drawn or withdrawn are grotesquely mean and sharp and shabby Among the country's eight fully professional teams the competition for talent is intense so intense that some of the teams have bribed players from the powerful National Professional League in the United States to jump their contracts and play here for more money than they can earn at home

This disrespect for a player's obligations to his team applies only so long as a Canadian team is trying to steal the player from his American team Once he has been successfully stolen the American player discovers his obligations to the team have become total, inviolable and completely one sided It is a common procedure to pay the players only for those games they actually play A player who is injured in a game or in a practice may find his income cut off for the next game at least If he is badly injured he is in danger of being fired without compensation A player who turns out to be not quite good enough to make the team he has contracted to play for does not have the right to seek employment with another team The employer who cannot use him and who isn't paying him has a perfect right and the right has been exercised many times to prevent the unhappy chattel from playing for anyone else

Last year a gifted quarterback from Buffalo led a Canadian team to victory in the Grey Cup final Just before the new season opened the quarterback, feeling that his team was badly in need of his services and that there wasn't sufficient time to obtain a replacement, held out for more money than he had agreed to accept in his written contract For this dubious ethical performance he was forgiven. A little later he was caught smuggling some cigarettes across the border and for this also he was forgiven A little after that his coach began to suspect the player's passing arm had gone dead He was immediately fired

No episode better illustrates the standards of loyalty and of decency which the men who control football in Canada have been bestowing on their players and inviting from their players in return. It will be a lamentable thing if some gifted athlete, disillusioned by the knowledge that his employers regard him as a paid assassin and nothing more decides to sell his employers down the river by selling some future Grey Cup game to the gamblers It will not be so strange a thing Until football revises its ideas of what is honorable its ideas of what is honest will remain in danger

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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THE ALCOHOLIC

Alcoholism is the abnormal and uncontrollable use of alcohol to an extent seriously detrimental to physical and mental health. This condition is now recognized as an important medical and public health problem.

Fortunately, medical, health, welfare, and religious agencies, industrial and other employers have taken a practical, realistic view of this problem. They are attacking it factually and without undue emotionalism.

This enlightened approach offers great hope to all those who now are chronic alcoholics — as well as to those who are running the risk of becoming chronic alcoholics.

1. What is the cause of alcoholism?

Authorities have found no one cause for this condition. Research shows, however, that alcoholics are usually people who do not seem able to face life in a mature manner because of some underlying mental or emotional condition which the alcoholic himself may not clearly recognize. They seem to seek escape by excessive drinking — and eventually they become dependent on alcohol just to go on living.

Some authorities also believe that an alcoholic's body chemistry differs from that of normal persons, and that this difference results in an unnatural appetite for alcohol. Excessive drinking, however, is in all cases a *symptom*. Often the symptom can be removed, but it is very apt to return unless the underlying trouble is eliminated.

2. What are the dangers of alcoholism?

Both physical and mental disorders may result from excessive drinking. Nutritional disturbances frequently occur, and certain vital organs may be harmed. Eventually most alcoholics undergo distinct personality changes that add to their instability. Alcoholics are definitely "accident prone."

The industrial accident rate among excessive drinkers is from 100 to 200 percent higher than among non-alcoholics alongside whom they work. Other accident hazards are increased by the excessive use of alcohol. It also takes its toll socially in wrecked family life — and economically it is claimed to cause a loss of millions of dollars annually.

3. How can medical science help the alcoholic?

Although there is no specific remedy for alcoholism, much can be done to help a person stop drinking completely. The success of any form of treatment, however, depends upon the alcoholic himself who must absolutely want to break the habit. Once he has stopped, most authorities agree that the real alcoholic cannot drink again with safety.

Psychotherapy may be used to help the patient recognize his problems and how to deal with them without the use of alcohol. Certain medicines, which should be used only under the guidance of a doctor, are also available. These medicines may help to wean the patient away from drink.

It is important, too, for the alcoholic to re-establish a routine of healthful living through proper diet, sufficient relaxation and sleep, and attention to other health measures that are usually disrupted by excessive drinking. In some cases, occupational guidance may be appropriate.

4. How can everyone help the alcoholic?

The general public — all of us — can help overcome the prejudices that have long existed about alcoholics by looking upon chronic drinkers as persons subject to serious physical and mental handicaps.

We must help them through sympathy and understanding, and aid them to obtain the type of treatment that they need. This treatment may be individual or group therapy given by the doctor, or mutual aid provided through organizations such as Alcoholics Anonymous.

We can also support and encourage the development of programs for the *scientific* study and control of this problem. In these ways, we can all do our part toward restoring thousands of men and women to healthy, happy, useful lives. Additional information on alcoholism is in Metropolitan's free booklet 121-M "The Alcoholic."

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LONDON LETTER *by Beverley Baxter*

Anthony Eden

R. A. Butler

Oliver Lyttelton

Churchill Picks His Team

LET US talk today about Winston Churchill and the men he has appointed to his government. Let us look behind the newspaper headlines and note the problems of a party leader who by the will of the people becomes Prime Minister of Great Britain.

I have been a member of the House of Commons for sixteen years and had begun to think I knew all there was to know, but never before had I been a member of a party passing from Opposition to Government.

From 1935 to 1945 the Conservative Party was in power although it called itself first a National Government and then, when war came, a Coalition Government. But the name did not matter. The Conservatives were in such an overwhelming majority that ours was the power though not necessarily the glory. Then came the shock of the 1945 election and only a few of us struggled back. The socialists were returned in such numbers that they surrounded us in the House until we were pressed into a corner like the garrison in Tobruk. Then the Tories had neither the power nor the glory. "We are the masters now!" declared Sir Hartley Shawcross, the glamorous attorney-general of the socialists.

On the purely political side we could not, in opposition, be held responsible for any measures taken by the Government to deal with the postwar problems. It is the duty of an Opposition to oppose and we were determined to carry out that duty with the fullest rigor. On the personal side it offered great opportunities for we were so few in number that any of us could be reasonably certain of being called by the Speaker at the time of our choice.

From the point of view of friendship and comradeship nothing binds men more closely together than adversity. It is true we still had frontbenchers and backbenchers but we were all paid the same salary (one thousand pounds a year) and we could dine together and express any thoughts that came into our minds. Politicians are great gossips and are always reviewing their colleagues like critics at a first night.

But after nearly five long stormy years came the election of 1950 which threw the socialists back on the ropes followed by the election of Oct. 25 this year which finally put them down for the count and left us groggy but victorious. Churchill was back on the political throne and at such a moment a prime minister's power is complete. Having been commanded by the King to form a government he can nominate whom he chooses, he can make or break a career and no one can challenge his decision.

Yet even such a supreme individualist as Churchill does not play a lone hand at such a moment. His first appointment was that of Anthony Eden who became Foreign Secretary, Deputy Prime Minister and Leader of the House of Commons, thus proclaiming to the world that his succession to the leadership was established against all pretenders. Throughout the election Eden spoke and acted like the incoming tenant next to one, of No. 10 Downing Street. "Mr Churchill and I have agreed on this or that" was the way he put it on the public platform.

But Eden was not the only one to be consulted on ministerial appointments. There was Lord Woolton, the chairman of the Conservative Party who had the right to be heard and there was the handsome youngish Chief Whip, Captain Patrick Buchan Hepburn, who had disciplined the parliamentary party for six years and had a white list and a black one.

By temperament Churchill has a fiercely loyal nature and, from an emotional standpoint, would have like to reappoint all those Tories who served in his wartime coalition. But a new generation had come to Westminster in 1945, brilliant young military leaders who had won reputations in the different services under the harsh ordeal of war. Some of the former ministers would have to be sacrificed to make room for them. Churchill wanted his great personal friend, the shock-headed Brendan Bracken, to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, but Brendan said no. Bracken is a strange, warmhearted, cantankerous fellow with a passion for personal

Continued on page 5

BACKSTAGE IN BRITAIN

Long Will W[illegible] Hang On

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

LONDON

ONE POLITICAL topic still lively here as post-election gossip fades, is "How long will Winston Churchill stay in office?"

Before the election the word was that he proposed to remain Prime Minister only for a year, then hand over to Anthony Eden. The old man had only one political ambition left, and it was an honorable one: he wanted to lead his party to victory in a general election. He had had honors galore, his place in history was more than secure, but that one honor had eluded him. To a democratic statesman it might well appear the highest honor of all.

Conservatives had, of course, the liveliest sympathy with this desire. With real affection they saw him return once more to power — an affection shared, I suspect, by a good many Labourites. "Even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer" when "Good Old Winnie" went back to Downing Street. But, having got him in, the Conservatives are quite openly anxious to get him out again before too long.

They have good reason to know that Churchill at seventy-seven is not the man he was at sixty-seven. He has grown quite deaf, for one thing, and the fact that he refuses to admit it is an added complication. Many a colleague has come away after a conference feeling that he'd wasted his breath — the Old Man didn't hear a word he said.

Always irascible, he has become more and more impatient of strangers, more and more enclosed within his own circle. It's doubtful whether he knows, and can call by name, more than twenty percent of his three-hundred-odd followers in the House of Commons, and he doesn't like meeting new people. This is a source of frustration to many younger MPs.

Even at the peak of the election campaign Churchill's liaison with his own party machinery was amazingly casual and slipshod. When I first arrived in England I went to Abbey House Conservative HQ to map out an itinerary that would take in all the leaders. They advised me to head west — Churchill was to speak in Plymouth on Thursday.

Two days later and two hundred miles away, in the little Somerset town of Taunton, I was told Churchill was due in Plymouth not tomorrow but next week. I telephoned Abbey House in London. Was Churchill speaking in Plymouth the next day?

"That's right," said a voice.

"But they tell me here it's next week."

A long interval ensued. Then an extremely apologetic woman came to the phone. "I'm afraid you're right, it is next week. The date was changed and we were not notified. Mr Churchill makes his own arrangements," she added, "and we don't always hear of them."

Whatever misgivings the party workers had were not allayed during the birth of the new government. Churchill became not only Prime Minister but also Minister of Defense, a crushing load which many had thought too heavy for him during the war. The cabinet included a high percentage of old Churchill cronies (able men, all right, but elderly, and several of them not party men at all) and a very low percentage of the Conservative Party's young blood.

His administrative methods retained all the

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TIME TO RETIRE? —
TIME TO RETREAD!
BRITAIN'S WORN ECONOMY

e it likely that the old warrior will voluntarily leave the battlefield?

You know how icy rain chaps your skin. I stood under wind and rain machines all day, retaking this scene for "RED MOUNTAIN." My hands and face felt raw . . .

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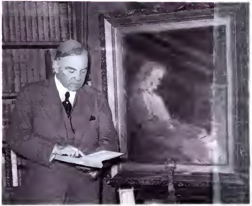


In Laurier House King kept a light burning before this portrait of his mother. In England he "talked" with her through mediums.

THE SECRET LIFE OF MACKENZIE KING, SPIRITUAL

By BLAIR FRASER

MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

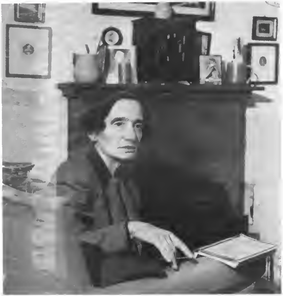
For twenty-five years Canada's famous Prime Minister was a practicing spiritualist. He believed that, through mediums, he had communicated with his mother, Franklin D. Roosevelt and even his dog Pat, after they had died. Here, for the first time, is revealed the best-kept secret of Mr. King's amazing career

LONDON

ONE WET Saturday afternoon in October 1948 William Lyon Mackenzie King lay ill at the Dorchester Hotel in Park Lane. His visitors were few and uniquely eminent King George VI Winston Churchill Prime Minister Nehru of India so the London press was keeping a close watch on the hotel lobby

Reporters were amazed when two plainly dressed women came in asked for Mr King's suite and were shown up immediately The two women did not reappear They were ushered out by a side door (they couldn't understand why at the time) and the reporters never did find out who they were Geraldine Cummins well-known medium and author of m on spiritualism, and her friend and collaborator Beatrice Gibb

That was as close as any outsider ever came in Mackenzie K to the best kept secret of his career—the fact that the Pr



Geraldine Cummins a British medium, first thought King was a New York person She gave him "messages" from Roosevelt

of Canada had been for more than twenty-five years a convinced and practicing spiritualist.

Actually the word is somewhat ambiguous. Mr. King was not a member of the Spiritualist Church and spiritualism was not a religion to him he remained to the end of his days a good Presbyterian But he did believe in the life after death, not as a matter of faith but as a proven fact He did believe it possible to communicate with the departed, and that he himself had talked beyond the grave many times with his mother, his brother and sister and such friends as Franklin D Roosevelt and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He did repeatedly attend seances and have sittings with mediums here in London and elsewhere.

To his real intimates he made no secret of these beliefs Some of them joined him many times in sessions with the ouija board at Ottawa. They knew from his own lips what comfort he got from "communion with the dead." Members of his personal staff knew it. In some cases Mr. King didn't know they knew, but they all did. Everybody kept the secret, for an obvious reason If the facts were publicly known, people might have thought the affairs of Canada were being conducted on advice from the spirit world

Indeed, Mr. King had not been dead a fortnight before a statement to that effect was published in the spiritualist weekly, Psychic News. His old friend, the late Duchess of Hamilton, in an interview, said Mr King had always sought spirit guidance in affairs of state

That was untrue on Mr King's own testimony and on the evidence of those who knew him best. He sought contact with his dead mother and brother and friends not to consult them but simply to talk to them.

Mrs. Helen Hughes, a pleasant Glasgow housewife who is one of the best-known of present-day mediums and who sat with Mr. King often over a period of many years, explained it to me over a cup of tea in the Psychic College Edinburgh

"It was as if he had his mother living over here in Britain—what would any son do if he came here on business? He'd look her up, he'd want to see her and talk to her. He didn't want her advice about public affairs, for he knew more about them than she did. He wanted to know how she was whom sh[illegible] He wanted to talk to her about family matters."

Mrs. Hughes cannot recall [illegible] instance, in all her sittings with Mr King when there was any [illegible] of public affairs The only exception, if you can call it an exception was the question of Mr King's own retirement from public life

"He was warned" she said "At least three years before he died his mother told him he was doing too much his heart wouldn't stand it. He took her advice in the end but not soon enough"

Perhaps one reason he delayed was that he got opposite advice from President Roosevelt He asked F D R 's counsel at a sitting with Miss Cummins the answer came back "Don't retire stay on the job Your country needs you there"

After Mr King had gone back to Canada Miss Cummins got another message the President had changed his mind He now thought Mr King's health too precarious for the load he was carrying and urged him to retire at once Miss Cummins passed the word along to Ottawa

(Perhaps I'd better say at this point that I myself am not a spiritualist and do not believe in these alleged communications from the next world For the sake of brevity and clarity I haven't bothered to use words like "alleged" and "purported" in every other sentence Whether or not you or I believe these messages were real, the point is that Mackenzie King did believe it.)

At a later sitting with Miss Cummins he got a message from F D R which did concern public affairs The President told Mr King to watch Asia that's where the war danger lay The Berlin airlift which was a focus of attention then was a side issue a Soviet bluff There was no mention of Korea by name but F D R did say he thought there'd be war in the Far East within two years.

Miss Cummins recalls that the Prime Minister "seemed puzzled and a little shaken by this part of the communication He said he made it a rule to ignore advice thus given, and trusted solely to his own and his advisers judgment"

What he wanted from a medium, and what he normally got, was intimate converse with his own family Like so many others, Mackenzie King became interested in spiritualism because he was a lonely and a sorely bereaved man

The mother to whom he was and remained devoted, his beloved brother Macdougall King the doctor his favorite sister Isabel all had died in a few years. His bereavement was sharpened by the thought that he had not been at his mother's death bed. At her insistence he had gone back to his 1917 election campaign in North York leaving her mortally ill she was dead when he returned Mr King never quite forgave himself for this

He was introduced to spiritualism by the late Marchioness of Aberdeen who was herself a believer Lady Aberdeen told him of Mrs Etta Wriedt an American "direct voice" medium who acquired great fame in her day

It was Mrs. Wriedt who received in 1911 the gold watch bequeathed by Queen Victoria to "the most deserving medium" of the time The Queen had intended the watch for her Highland gillie John Brown a medium through whom she believed she could talk to her beloved Prince Albert Mrs Wriedt in her turn got the watch after having shown, to the satisfaction of British editor W T Stead that she had received a communication from the spirit of Queen Victoria in July 1911

Mrs. Wriedt decided before her own death that the Queen's watch ought to go back to England She entrusted it to Mr. King who brought it here on his next visit and gave it to the London Spiritualist Alliance There, mounted on a blue velvet cushion it is still on display.

All that came later In the early 1920s Mr. King was convinced of the genuineness of Mrs. Wriedt's gift by the experience of a friend of his.

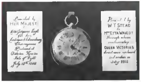
The wife of a Liberal senator, now dead had lost her father and the father's will couldn't be found. After futile search she consulted Mrs. Wriedt The medium told her it was in a chest of drawers in a house in France. She looked and there it was That's the story as Mr King used to tell it

Continued on page 60

Through Mrs Helen Hughes a Glasgow medium Mackenzie King made "contact" with his beloved terrier, Pat.

Geraldine Cummins who wrote the "spirit messages" on a pad told King that F D R had met King's mother "over there" Roosevelt also "counseled" King not to retire from office, later changed his mind

King also established "communication" with Sir Wilfrid Laurier For the last twenty years of his life King found time on every visit to Britain for sittings with various mediums, but they remained secret



This watch, originally presented by Queen Victoria was awarded to Mrs. Etta Wriedt, through whom the dead Queen "spoke" in 1911 She gave it to King who gave it to the London Spiritualist Alliance

THERE'S ALWAYS A PARTY AT THE GRAHAMS'

The Ronald Grahams of Vancouver like nothing better than to entertain in their half-million-dollar mansion. At one party for the Red Cross they had three thousand guests and one morning a sailor turned up at breakfast saying he'd let himself in with the key they'd given him during the war

By
PIERRE BERTON
MACLEAN'S ARTICLE EDITOR

PHOTOS BY HARRY FILION

Pianist Marshall Sumner (in white jacket) performs at a soiree. Graham (inset, right) plays harmonica with jockey Johnny Longden at the piano

THERE IS a saying around Vancouver that if some enterprising young man were to build a small shack for himself in a certain wooded ravine at the tip of West Point Grey close to the twenty-room pink stucco home of Mr. and Mrs. F. Ronald Graham, he could live a rich full life without cost to himself, simply by attending the Grahams' parties.

Equipped only with colossal nerve and the usual social graces he could roam the vast Graham house and the three and a half acres of terraced gardens along with hundreds of guests. Depending on the occasion he could dip into plates of hot mushroom patties on the long table below the chandeliers of the Grahams' bleached-oak dining room, sip tall rye highballs at the cut-stone bar in the Graham rumpus room, sample slabs of beef and turkey from the Graham barbecue pit or munch strawberries on the fine velvet of the Graham lawns. Wearied, he could take a shower in the paneled dressing room on the lower floor, then go for a swim in the Grahams' hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar swimming pool. He wouldn't need to bring bathing suit or towel for the Grahams have a choice of several dozen on hand to fit any size of guest.

This of course is a jest and an exaggeration. Even the Grahams don't give that many parties. But they are certainly the busiest and most energetic hosts in Canada. They have eight servants, four gardeners, thirteen children, several million dollars and unlimited vitality. People are always phoning up asking them to give a party for some worthy charity. The Grahams hardly ever refuse. "My wife just can't say no," says Ronald Graham, a sixty-seven-year-old retired financier with a round jovial Irish face. "It's just that we like people and we like parties," says Helen Graham, a big handsome woman in her forties with jet black hair and jet black eyes.

Last year they gave about a hundred of these parties. The attendance varied from very formal sit-down dinners under the chandeliers (about thirty persons) to huge garden fetes (three thousand people). At one party the guests consumed a hundred and fifty gallons of coffee alone. At another they trampled the Grahams' billiard-table lawn out of all recognition. At most parties the Grahams shoulder the entire expense. One garden party in aid of the Red Cross cost Graham four thousand dollars. For an average-sized party of four hundred and fifty persons they usually have to hire ten extra staff including two commissionaires to stand at the stairways and keep people out of the twelve bedrooms on the top floor.

Alexis Smith and a Mace-Bearer

None of this disturbs the Grahams in the least. "So what if it costs a bit of money?" says Ronald Graham. "What does that matter if you can afford it? After all we have the space out here and we like to see people use it."

A Vancouver social page writer has estimated that in a two-hundred-and-forty-five-day publishing year the Grahams get about two hundred mentions in the local papers. Most notables who come to town are treated to samples of the Graham hospitality. They have entertained among others, skater Barbara Ann Scott, jockey Johnny Longden, singers Richard Crooks and Yasha Davidov, barman Victor (Trader Vic) Bergeron, conductor Leonard Bernstein, movie stars Rudy Vallee, Fifi Dorsey, Dan Duryea and Alexis Smith, and His Excellency A. H. J. Lovink, Dutch Ambassador.

House guests have included Fabien Sevitzky, the conductor, Mrs. Vernon J. Mapes, a leading U. S. psychologist, Prof. Paul Dirac, physicist and Nobel Prize winner, and Sir Denys Lowson, Lord Mayor of London, and Lady Lowson, together with his mace-bearer, sword-bearer and personal footman.

The house guests come and go and the parties go on even when the Grahams go away to Mexico, Banff, New York or California (about five months of the year). Several years ago four of the world's leading mathematicians from India, Ireland, France and England were guests at the Graham home. They lived

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Graham greets a guest. In their pink stucco house the Grahams give one hundred receptions a year.

Nine year old David Graham kibitzes with staffers. The Grahams often buy their crockery by the gross.

Graham (left, back to camera) and his wife chat with a famous guest, Chilean pianist Claudio Arrau.

In one of their two huge solariums they admire the exotic blooms cultivated by their four gardeners.

The MacNeill farm at Cavendish, P.E.I., was the model for Green Gables. Now it's called that officially and tens of thousands visit it each year.

LUCY OF GREEN GABLES

By IAN SCLANDERS

PHOTOS BY RONNY JAQUES

It turns out after all this time that Anne of Green Gables, the Prince Edward Island redhead
who ran away with the hearts of millions of young readers all over the world,
was the image of little Lucy Maud Montgomery
who lived and wrote beside the Lake of the Shining Waters

ANNE OF GREEN . LES the best-loved character ever created by a Canadian author, has been tugging at the heartstrings of millions for forty-three years.

She's still a steadily moving item on the booksellers' shelves. This Christmas, seven thousand more Canadian children will be introduced or reintroduced to her. Her favorite places, the Lake of Shining Waters, the Dryad's Bubble, the Haunted Wood, the Babbling Brook and Lovers' Lane, are high on the list of Prince Edward Island's tourist attractions and a national park has been built around them. Hollywood's two versions of her story—one silent, one with sound—were box-office hits.

Yet Anne, with her red hair and big wistful eyes and freckles and her appealing stream of chatter, might easily have been lost to the world. She spent three years in a trunk in the attic of a modest wooden house at Cavendish, a farming and fishing community on Prince Edward Island's surf-beaten northern shore.

Then Lucy Maud Montgomery, a slender attractive young woman who helped her grandmother run the Cavendish post office, decided to fix up the dress she planned to wear to a pie social. Looking for a piece of ribbon, she opened the trunk in the attic and found the manuscript of Anne of Green Gables. She had written this in 1904 when she was thirty, and after three publishers rejected it she had sighed, shrugged and hidden it away.

Now, on a fall day in 1907, she glanced idly at the first few poorly typed sheets. The narrative caught her interest and she read on and on until the sun went down, and then she read by flickering yellow lamplight.

The carrot-topped offspring of her imagination moved her to tears and laughter. Anne, she felt, deserved another chance, so she bundled her off to a fourth publisher, L. C. Page and Co. of Boston. This firm, it developed, was willing to buy Anne of Green Gables outright, for five hundred dollars.

Lucy Maud was jubilant. By the standards of Cavendish, with a population of two hundred, eleven miles from a railway and twenty-four miles from a town, the amount offered was large. She accepted it in haste. Later, when more than a million copies of her novel had been sold and it had been twice filmed, she probably repented at leisure, knowing that had she struck a better bargain with Page she might have earned two hundred thousand dollars from book royalties and screen rights. As it was, the one payment of five hundred dollars was all she ever got from her first book although its successors were to earn her many times that sum.

Anne of Green Gables brought her fame, if not wealth. When the first edition came out in 1908, Mark Twain, who sired those great juveniles Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, pronounced Anne "the sweetest creation of child life yet written."

Poet Bliss Carman termed Anne "one of the immortal children of fiction." Other reviewers were equally enthusiastic—and the public hurried to the bookstores. Edition followed edition. Anne of Green Gables was translated into French, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, Polish. It was printed in Braille.

Little girls in many lands idolized Anne and tried to act and talk like her. Anne called her friends "kindred spirits." The phrase spread around the world. Anne disliked having red hair and made an unfortunate attempt to dye it. Countless redheads were inspired to do the same thing, with the same unfortunate results.

Fan mail poured to Lucy Maud from the far ends of the earth, not only from youngsters but from missionaries in China, traders in Africa, monks in remote monasteries, soldiers in India, grizzled trappers in the Canadian north.

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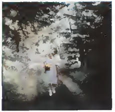
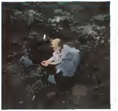
On view is the typewriter on which L. M. Montgomery wrote the Anne books. Mark Twain called them "the sweetest creation of child life yet."

At sixty one the creator of Anne was an Ontario parson's wife

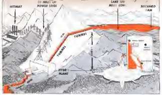
Nell Andrews, present day dweller by the Lake of Shining Waters, models the fictional Anne



"Lovers' Lane opened out below the orchard and stretched up into the woods to the end of Cuthbert Farm."



"The Dryad's Bubble, wonderful, deep, clear, icy-cold spring set about with smooth red sandstones."



PARFANE

THIS IS HOW ALCAN WILL GET ITS MIGHTY POWER

ALUMINUM HITS THE ROAD AGAIN

By FRED BODSWORTH

Like a restless sourdough Canada's vast aluminum industry is always on the hunt for new frontiers. When the frontier is tamed, civilization troops in and Alcan heads for the bush again, panning remote rivers for nuggets of cheap power. Its latest strike will bring the world's biggest powerhouse to the B.C. wilds

A truck rumbles up to the upstream portal of one of the tunnels which will drop the rushing waters of the Nechako 2600 feet to the giant powerhouse

An Alcan construction camp sits by scenic Tahtsa Lake. The eight-year project will cost six hundred millions

Only helicopters can get survey teams into some spots. Once mountaineers had to first build a landing ledge

LAST SPRING a man stepped into the little hotel at Terrace, B.C., a quiet and remote lumbering town of twenty five hundred people on the CNR eighty miles inland from Prince Rupert, and casually announced that he wanted to reserve a few rooms.

"Yes, sir. How many?" the hotel clerk asked.

"Let's say a dozen for the time being," the man replied.

The clerk blinked. Jesting tourists rarely reached Terrace. "How long?" he asked. He could carry along a joke too.

"Four years," said the traveller.

And it wasn't a joke. It was Terrace's introduction to a fabulous extravaganza of twentieth-century engineering which, eight years and six hundred million dollars later, will have transformed a rugged uninhabited hinterland the size of Ireland, now occupied only by forest, mountains and grizzly bears, into an industrial colossus boasting the world's biggest aluminum smelter, the world's biggest single hydro-electric powerhouse, and a brand-new British Columbian city.

It's the Nechako-Kitimat project of the Aluminum Company of Canada which ultimately will produce five hundred and fifty thousand tons of aluminum a year, and probably make Canada the world's biggest producer of this featherweight metal (today's leader: the U.S.). It's the biggest thing that's happened to B.C. since the first transcontinental railway punched a giddy right-of way through the Rockies in 1886. Already Alcan is spending one million dollars a week along a two-hundred-mile west-to-east construction front on seaports, airports, townsites, smelter, powerhouse, roads and dams, four hundred mountainous miles north of Vancouver.

Even for B.C., where the magnitude of the Rockies dwarfs everything else, Project Kitimat is a fantastic undertaking.

Nechako dam, biggest of its type in the British Commonwealth, will back up water for one hundred and fifty miles which normally drains into the upper Fraser at St. George and send it thundering down through two tunnels which will have to be bored for ten miles through the solid granite of the Coast Range's Portal Mountain. The tunnels will have a drop—engineers call it "the head"—of twenty-six hundred feet, sixteen times greater than Niagara. At the end of the tunnels Alcan's Kemano powerhouse will be in a massive man-made cavern carved out a quarter of a mile inside the mountain. A fifth of a mile long and one hundred feet wide and high, this underground powerhouse will almost be large enough for three buildings the size of Toronto's Bank of Commerce to be placed end to end inside. Water will hit the bottom of the tunnels with a pressure of seventy-five tons per square foot, and the generator turbines, though they weigh hundreds of tons, will need this six-thousand-foot mountain peak sitting on top of them to keep them from being blasted off their bedplates.

Kitimat, site of the projected smelter and seaport, is today a settlement of five hundred and eighty Indians fifty miles north of Kemano and fifty miles south of Prince Rupert. In a decade or two it will probably have a population of fifty thousand, the same as Victoria has now. The number of Alcan employees throughout Canada, now about sixteen thousand, will be doubled.

Remember the Name of Kitimat

The amount of power traveling along the fifty-mile transmission line from the powerhouse to the Kitimat smelter will be so great that the daily loss consumed by wire resistance alone will be equal to all the power used daily by Edmonton, a city of one hundred and fifty-eight thousand.

Yet the story of Project Kitimat, for all its record shattering greatness, is merely the newest chapter in a bigger and untold story: the saga of aluminum's history-making sixty-five year retreat to ever more and more distant frontiers. It's a twentieth-century industrial romance which parallels in many respects the story of another great Canadian colonizer—the Hudson's Bay Company. Aluminum production, like the fur trade which went before it, needs a frontier to live. And, like the fur trade, aluminum opens up a remote area, pushes back its frontier, and in doing so it attracts competition for the area's electrical power and destroys the very conditions it needs for its own economic survival.

Four times now that branch of the aluminum trail which has led finally to B.C.'s isolated Kitimat has pioneered new frontiers, has seen them develop into prosperous industrial areas, and itself has been crowded out to a newer frontier by the prosperity its own pioneering created.

It's a stirring story. And, in the history of Canada's development, it's a highly significant one. Most frontier-breaking industries move on and leave a wasteland of stumps and shack towns behind but, when aluminum moves on in its relentless frontier quest, it leaves prospering, self-supporting industrial communities behind it. Remember those B.C. names of Kitimat, Kemano and Nechako. They will be big names in the future geography of Canada. And now let's follow the long aluminum retreat out of which Canada's newest city of Kitimat is emerging.

Canada's position in the world's aluminum industry is a strange and anomalous one. The principal raw materials which go into the production of aluminum are: 1, Bauxite, a reddish claylike ore which contains twenty-five percent aluminum; 2, Cryolite, a white icelike mineral required in large quantities as a flux in smelting the processed bauxite; 3, Petroleum coke, a byproduct of oil refining. Canada today produces more aluminum than any country except the U.S. Its Alcan, which incidentally is the only firm producing primary aluminum in Canada, is the world's biggest single aluminum company. Canadian aluminum is produced more cheaply than any other. Until Kitimat hits its peak about 1960 Alcan's plant at Arvida on the Saguenay River in Quebec is the world's biggest, most economically efficient and most modern aluminum smelter in the world.

Yet, in spite of this leading aluminum role, Canada doesn't possess in commercial amounts a single teaspoonful of these three essential raw materials. Alcan imports them all: bauxite from British Guiana, cryolite from Greenland and petroleum coke from the U.S.

How does Canada, with none of the basic essentials, produce the world's cheapest aluminum? The answer to this is also the answer to aluminum's historic retreat into the hinterlands of Canada's ever-receding frontiers. More important in the aluminum smelting process than any of the raw materials, more important even than the aluminum ore itself, is electricity. In fact such tremendous amounts of electrical energy go into every pound of aluminum that Alcan officials frequently refer to their aluminum ingots as "packaged electricity."

The bauxite first has to go through a complex chemical refining process which reduces two tons of the original ore into one ton of a white powder known as alumina. This is actually aluminum oxide, consisting of fifty percent aluminum metal. The final smelting

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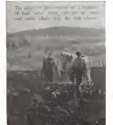
Ottawa's BEAUTIFUL BACKYARD

The twisting, tumbling Gatineau River that sweeps past the nation's capital bears its yellow pulpwood through a fabled frontier land where millionaire sportsmen and half-breed trappers rub shoulders in log-cabin hamlets with hermits, witches and revered faith healers

The Gatineau's loggers are a tough and happy breed, good men with a jag or a jig or a wild river boiling with logs on the loose.

By REGINALD HARDY

PHOTOS BY MALAK



The p[illegible] of [illegible] soil while others reap the rich tourist

ON A CLEAR DAY from the Peace Tower on Parliament Hill you can trace the twisting course of the Gatineau River from the spot where it spews its jostling yellow tide of pulpwood into the Ottawa to a point many miles to the northward where it suddenly vanishes in a little cleft of the piled, slumbering masses of the hills.

High-spirited as a mustang, unpredictable as a summer storm, this restless hurrying river, once a main water route of the Algonquins, is today the royal highroad to one of Canada's last remaining unspoiled wilderness frontiers.

It is a country of startling contrasts, this Gatineau. At its gate stands the nation's capital, crowned by the Gothic of the Peace Tower. Just eighty miles to the north at the end of steel lies the lusty little frontier town of Maniwaki, populated by two-fisted loggers, reservation Indians, half-breed trappers and fur traders and a river of tourists driving everything from fishtail Cadillacs to croaking jalopies.

In the rolling trough of the hills between these fixed points can be found an incredible potpourri of old-time settlers in pioneer log cabins, big game hunters who range all the way from Franchot Tone, the movie star, to Niles Trammell, president of the National Broadcasting Company, roving bands of Tête de boule Indians (so named because of their ball-shaped heads), seers, hermits, faith healers, hillbillies, civil servants on holiday, witches and werewolves.

In the summer the ancient portage trails are clogged with new station wagons and the ancient hills are lit with the blinking glow of auto court neon signs. Because of the Gatineau country life begins in April for most Ottawans, be they deputy ministers at fifteen thousand dollars per annum or grade three clerks with nonassessable incomes. All make tracks for the Gatineau.

The Americans follow when the frost is out of the roads. Many of them have been coming for generations. In some cases extensive hunting reserves have been held by their families on lease from Quebec for half a century. Indeed, it was only twenty years ago that Ottawa woke up to the fact that an incalculable treasure lay at its back door. The federal government established Gatineau National Park a few miles north of Hull—twenty-four thousand acres of lake and forest.

When people speak about the Gatineau Valley they are usually thinking of the eighty miles between Ottawa and Maniwaki—the narrow, sometimes gorge-like valley along the river itself, and the rolling mountain country which stretches back for a score of miles to either side. But actually the river has its head waters almost two hundred and fifty miles north of the capital and its watershed covers an area of some ninety-six hundred square miles.

It is a country beloved of artists. In summer its shadowy blues and sombre greens, its cool amethysts and warm sepias lend the landscape a velvet lushness. In the autumn its hills blaze with glowing crimsons and yellows.

The area between Ottawa and Maniwaki is studded with lakes such as Blue Sea, where several governor-generals have summered, and Thirty-One-Mile Lake, so clear and cold that Ottawa once considered drawing its water supply from it. There are thousands of these lakes, scores of them unnamed.

North of Maniwaki lies the big-game country with its famous Mont-Laurier-Senneterre game reserve and its thousands of square miles of untouched timberland. The Canadian International Paper Company limits alone cover more than seven thousand square miles.

There is enchantment in these hills. The brooding silence of the eternal bush is forever crowding in upon the little villages named after the saints and huddling as close as possible to their big grey stone churches. The old Algonquin place names have a musical sound—Kazabazua (underground streams), Maniwaki (Land of Mary), Pitonga (where one hears the noise of rapids), Petawagama (two rivers running side by side).

The native inhabitants come of Scottish and Irish pioneer stock. Their ancestors cleared the little farms which creep shyly down to the riverfront or snuggle away in unexpected notches of the hills. The Canadien farmers and loggers are direct descendants of the *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois* who trapped and hunted up and down the valley decades ago. The dwindling bands of Algonquins once reigned supreme as lords and masters of this entire forest domain.

"We Folks Have Just Always Been"

Most of the Scottish and Irish families in the area trace their beginnings in Canada at least to the middle of the last century. Many of the destitute Irish who fled their country during the potato famines eventually found their way to Bytown and thence up the Gatineau. During the eighteen-thirties, following completion of the Rideau Canal, over two thousand Irish, huddled together in the squalid little settlement of Corktown, suddenly found themselves without means of livelihood. Many of them spread throughout the Ottawa Valley and up the Gatineau.

The Canadiens for the most part had settled far to the north where for generations they trapped and hunted. There was considerable friction between the two groups when the Irish attempted to take over the work of logging, until then an exclusively Canadien field. Eventually these local animosities disappeared.

As often as not you will find the Gatineau Valley farmer still occupying the same little plaster-chinked log dwelling which his grandfather or great-grandfather hewed from the giant pine logs cleared from the farm site. But where good crops have brought prosperity, new and larger frame dwellings have been erected.

Always, however, the original cabins are left standing, for the people of the valley are born traditionalists. Thus there is scarcely a modernized farm which does not have its little cluster of original buildings. The doors and windows of these abandoned little cabins may be open to the elements, their sway-backed roofs of cedar slabs caved in, but their walls of giant squared timbers, laboriously shaped by axe and adz, are as straight and sound as ever.

The Gatineau country, linked by rail, offers Ottawans fishing, skiing, hunting and even the Windigo.

By and large, life among the farm population along the river is a satisfying and rewarding one. But deep in the backlands there are little pockets in the hills where sometimes entire communities drag out a mean, poverty-stricken and amazingly primitive existence. Lack of proper roads, schools, churches and other civilizing influences, coupled with a congenital indifference on the part of the people themselves, have reduced some of these settlements to a point verging on actual destitution. Continued intermarriage over the years has seriously weakened some family strains.

The unfortunate plight of one settlement of more than a dozen families all bearing the same name, whose ancestors ventured into a remote corner of Pontiac County nobody knows how many generations ago, was brought to light only last summer when it was reported that the children in one household had been stricken by some strange malignant malady which had already taken the life of one child. A belated investigation by local authorities disclosed the child had died of malnutrition. Two other children were brought to hospital, victims of a form of anaemia resulting from a meagre deficient diet. The members of this particular settlement had lived in their little backwoods valley as long as any of their number could remember, fighting a losing battle with the poor cut-over pineland which they had chosen. Where they had originally come from none of their number could say. "Figure we folks have just always been in this valley," one grizzled octogenarian told an investigator.

Many hill folk are suspicious of strangers and abysmally ignorant of what is going on "outside." Some have never ventured more than a few miles from the log shacks where they were born, have never seen a book or magazine, heard a phonograph or a radio.

Over the years they have lost all record of their beginnings. Many with English names now speak only French and vice versa. One old fellow I met bears the French surname of Fréchette, answers to the Christian name of "Mac," and speaks only English, and that with a quaint Celtic brogue.

The law and the church seldom penetrate here. Many hold their land merely by squatters' right and refuse to pay taxes. During World War I scores of unwilling conscripts faded back into these isolated corners, living on the bush. No sensible person ever attempted to rout them out.

In many of these

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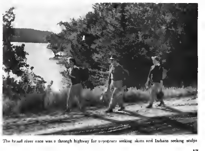

The broad river once was a through highway for voyageurs seeking skins and Indians seeking scalps

The Shepherd and the Dictator

In the torture chambers of Robagonia men cried out to the Golden Giant to save their country. But what could a simple-minded peasant do against the brutal army of oppression?

By ROBERT ZACKS

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

This is the story of what happened in Robagonia, a small South American country, at a time when the current group in power turned out to be quite a bit more merciless, more ruthless and efficient than previous totalitarian groups. The very scientific plan for absolute control put into effect involved, logically, the elimination of all segments of population around which resistance might develop, and covered lawyers, universities and their staffs, newspapers, reporters, in short, the sources of leadership. There was just about nobody left who might unseat the new palace guard. That's how we got to the adventures of Pasquale the shepherd.

In all the land there was no man with more simplicity and less guile than Pasquale. His dull ignorance was due to the life he led, perhaps. A man takes the coloring of his labor and the sun and wind that hit him.

As has been said, Pasquale was a shepherd. On the high grassy plateau toward the south of Robagonia, bordered by mountains and cliffs falling away a thousand feet to more gently sloping land, Pasquale kept a patient, stern eye on his flock. And what a flock! Not the slow idiotic ramblings of low-country sheep did Pasquale have to cope with, but the quick goatlike scatterings of vigorous high-country animals. His sheep had deeper chests for breathing the thin cold air. And longer stronger legs for climbing to get at grass.

And Pasquale had a deeper chest, too, and longer stronger legs. His face was a bronze mask in peaceful repose and his eyes looked out of the mask like the faintly blue ice high up on the mountain. His hair was bleached white-blond by unfiltered sun, he had a beard that came to his navel in a tangled curly mass.

He did not know his last name. Or his age. As long as he could remember he had been up on the plateau or the mountainside watching a flock of sheep. For many years he had worked for the previous shepherd, a small man with a spry walk and thunderous voice. Then when the shepherd had died Pasquale had buried him and simply continued.

There had been no challenge as to ownership. Pasquale saw people rarely, only when he took a sheep down the long trek to town and exchanged it for salt and bread in hard sticks that seemed to last forever, and for cheeses and wines and sometimes for a coat or shoes.

When Pasquale had come down alone that first time the storekeeper had looked at him amiably.

"Where is the little one?" asked the

Continued on page 48

1

Writer-chef Dugan says singeing is the easiest part, but the flaming paper took his eyebrows

2

Mrs Dugan warned him turkey takes all day But he had to learn through tears, sweat — and blood when the knife slipped on an onion

"Why do women always make this look so hard?" Dugan asks He took only five short hours to ready the turkey and another four to cook it

3

4

He pours melted butter in the dressing Turkey is cheaper than chicken — if you don't add the cost of a chef's cap

Dugan tests his stuffing He perfected his technique on a hammock cushion Next came endive and black walnuts

5

6

Stuffing goes into rear entrance First he used too much and Mrs Dugan warned of explosions Brisk salt rub-down followed

7

Trussed and buttered the bird is ready for the oven just as the hungry dinner guests begin to arrive They had to wait for hours but at long last — (see below, left)

How to Tackle That Turkey

Don't worry if you can't afford Michael Powell's recipe of a lark inside a pigeon inside a chicken inside a goose inside a turkey. Let a graduate of Turkey Tech show you the newest and best ways to give your friends the bird this Christmas

By JAMES DUGAN

PHOTOS BY JOHN ALBERT

THE sun on the snow in the yard rebounds through the dining room windows onto the ceiling and falls dazzlingly on the best tablecloth The family is expectantly gathered not too far from the table The children come in through the storm entry with icy air clinging to their mackinaws; they shed snow on the rug, which is already specked with tinsel and mica snow But heat is coming from the kitchen heat swollen with such smells that the oldest veteran of Christmases agrees with the kids it's time to eat.

The hungerers must not go into the kitchen, however they have been shooed out a dozen times already Out there the women are performing mysteries as arcane as nuclear fission, secrets revealed at Christmas every year In the opulent palette of smells the connoisseur can distinguish the earthy odor of potatoes bland hints of succotash vapor of red wine vinegar tang of cranberries. All these are subdued to the king of smells the turkey is coming out of the oven The bird crackles and sputters. The cooks exclaim, "My, he looks good!"

Covered side dishes are arrayed on the table like the suburbs of a city to come Napkins fly open Knives clash on forks The smallest child on the thickest mail-order catalogue is cronched for action Comes an off stage hubbub like the flourish of trumpets the kitchen door opens and, borne on a great platter, is the royal golden bird, Rejoice!

Oh let the Scots worship their haggis, and the Britons their festive goose Let the Swedes revel in *smorgasbord* the French devour sucking pig, the Argentineans fall on steak For us Christmas is turkey, the generous fowl that sates the rich and warms the cold plate of charity at the mission dinner. Ring the angle iron yell into the woods sing the hymn and say the grace Let's eat!

As a white meat fan from way back your correspondent always thought turkey dinners just happened on Christmas like Santa Claus. I have been disabused of this notion To gather the rare information in this article I attended Turkey College and studied with the learned faculty of the U S Poultry and Egg National Board as well as cramming courses conducted by eminent *chefs de cuisines*. To be honest I won't claim I graduated *cum laude* but I got through without playing football. I like to think my excellent homework tipped the scales The homework is the hardest part because it obliges you to wrestle a turkey in person I passed victoriously as was proved by the fact that eight people dined on the turkey I cooked and lived

Before we describe that engrossing episode it may be well to take a brief history course consisting of general orientation and background on turkeys It is not necessary to make notes during this lecture The turkey, actually a guinea fowl (*Meleagris gallopavo**) was originally a wild North American, ranging from Yucatan to Ontario The Indians partially domesticated the bird in time for some early tourists, the *conquistadores* to take the turkey to Spain There he got the name turkey because he reminded people of the smaller Turkish guinea fowl already relished in Europe Turkey quickly appeared on the best groaning boards. Cervantes who died in 1616 probably ate the noble bird, but Shakespeare, who died the same year did not, as the turkey did not come to England until eight

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*Forget it

THE GIFT SHE'S SURE TO SNIFF AT

In the next few days thousands of Canadian men will spend about one million dollars at the nation's perfume counters. And even if the woman who gets one of these exotic little bottles would have preferred a cashmere sweater she's likely to say, "Just what I wanted"

By JILL FRAYNE

CARTOONS BY PETER WHALLEY

"Guess we'll have to raise her danger pay."

NO WASTE of time in this Christmas season can compare with a woman telling her husband as he sets down his morning coffee how fond she is of pink cashmere sweaters size 36, or navy-blue nylon blouses with tucking down the front. "Mmmm," replies her spouse thoughtfully, turning the page of his newspaper, "looks like Ezinicki is just about through."

There sits a man who is going to buy his wife a dandy Christmas gift. A blouse? No. A sweater? Never. Ezinicki perhaps? Unfortunately, no.

He will get her perfume.

The suitability of this gift is self-evident. Perfume counters are located on the main floors of department stores or drugstores, just inside the door. Perfume does not come in various sizes or colors which would require a man to recall the shape and complexion of his beloved, but only in various prices. Finally, even a hundred-dollar bottle of perfume will fit in his overcoat pocket, thus leaving both hands free to hold the sports page on the way home on the bus.

Men buy sixty-five percent of the perfume sold in this country and do most of their buying in the five days preceding Christmas. During this period perfume department managers get rid of fat jugs of the brew they never dreamed they could move. The gentlemen are aghast that ten dollars buys only a thimbleful of the nectar. "How much is that bottle?" they enquire. "Twenty-five dollars," says the salesgirl, wiping the dust off it. "Fine," says the husband after momentarily considering the distance to the blouse department, "wrap it up."

Sometimes the man will smell his purchase first. The purpose of this is to establish himself as a man of the world with the perfume saleslady; most men can't distinguish between scents more subtle than burning rubber and blooming roses. Since his lady isn't going to use more than a third of the contents, gracefully allowing the rest to evaporate through the years, this is probably not such a serious failing.

Canadians buy almost four million dollars' worth of perfume a year, and there is a strong feeling in the perfume industry that a little education in the purchase and use of the product would fill an empty hole in the average male head. Accordingly two years ago Fragrance Foundation Inc. was established to spread information about perfume. From this foundation comes the word that twenty-five thousand pounds of roses are required to make two pounds of rose oil, for example. Also, it takes eight hundred and eighty pounds of orange blossoms to make only one pound of oil.

It is agreed that a woman should no longer strive to be identified with one haunting scent any more than she would want to appear daily in one haunting dress. She requires a wardrobe of perfumes chosen from the three categories: light, medium and heavy. Synonyms of these are floral, so-so and sexy. The light floral perfumes with such flower names as apple blossom, gardenia, lavender and lilac, are for young girls of the naive variety or for sweet old ladies. They are also fairly safe for the average woman to wear around the house.

So-so medium perfumes include some of the leading brands, like Chanel No. 5 which is the biggest-selling quality perfume in the country, Bond Street and Command Performance. These are the ones the perfume salesgirls sell by the vat at Christmas because the danger of erring is so slight. The low-down sexy perfumes with names like Tabu, Joy, White Flame, Lotus and Aphrodisia are for evenings only, for brunettes only, for mixed company only. "If a girl wore one of those to the office every day," commented a salesgirl, "she'd get her throat slit." The heavy perfumes are limited to brunettes because of the prevailing opinion that they are more vibrant than natural blondes.

A male in quest of a perfume suitable for his wife must first make his selection from the three categories. After revealing his decision to the salesgirl he will be shown a few bottles from which to choose. The gentleman must refrain from sniffing the bottles.

"This form absolves us of all responsibility."

This is as boorish a method of sampling perfume as is chilling fine wine by putting ice cubes in it. Perfume sniffed from the bottle has a strong odor of alcohol. To get the smell of the perfume itself a drop or two is applied to the wrist, the wrist is waved around a moment or two to give the alcohol time to evaporate and then the man may inhale while the clerk stands by, awed and respectful.

If the scent doesn't appeal at once, continue the research. The scientist can have three tries before his olfactory senses become so drunken they are incapable of transmitting any more sensations to his pulsing brain. If he hasn't found anything he likes in his three tries a half hour in the book department will sober him up sufficiently to return to his task. Perfume chemists clear their heads by sniffing ether, but this is not intended as a practical suggestion.

It is not necessary to buy the largest bottle of perfume in the store to prove to a wife that the honeymoon is not over. This is comparable for sheer insanity to the woman with a fifty-dollar clothes allowance who spends forty-nine fifty on a hat: it's a two-week sensation but it is bound to become a bore.

Some men in the perfume business insist it is possible to make some shrewd guesses about a woman's personality from the kind of perfume she wears. One of them attempted to invert the theory by buying to suit what he figured was the personality of a woman he knew.

"She was a French girl, definitely a Latin type," he said later. "When she laughed . . . well, I can't describe it. I bought her the most sultry perfume I could find and to my astonishment she didn't like it at all. I got talking to her a bit more and discovered what I had begun to suspect: that girl was pure Anglo-Saxon. I went out and got her some heather perfume and she was delighted. That woman wasn't full of romance at all; she was full of haggis."

This same analyst generally has better results. He suggested a perfume that a young husband should buy his wife to settle a tiff and the wife was so enthusiastic about the choice that the husband still regards his benefactor as a dangerous personality.

Perfume salesgirls usually scorn this psychological approach, pointing out that women have as many different personalities as they have friends. Playing bridge with the girls demands one of their personalities and a cocktail party quite another; the woman who cooks lunch for her children home from school is quite different from the same woman having lunch downtown with her husband. All of these facets demand a different fragrance.

A woman needs about six different perfumes, one authority insists. Two of these should be light perfumes for daytime wear, three medium-type perfumes for general all-purpose wear and one stunner for occasions when the plot thickens.

The step following the acquiring of this stable of perfumes is the wearing of same. This is a step many women are loath to take on the theory that perfume is a cross between blood musk and the crown jewels. The perfume is therefore hoarded for special occasions like Christmas and the one night in four years when the husband takes her dancing. So the lady goes around smelling of soap while her glamorous perfumes are evaporating furiously.

The best perfumes are about eighty percent alcohol and age will not only wither them but will cause them to become stronger and sometimes to deteriorate. The same thing will occur with colognes which average ninety-five percent alcohol, which makes them not too far removed from rubbing alcohol. Some unwise women merely dab cologne behind their ears in an attempt to smell out their aura of furniture polish. Within five minutes they smell of furniture polish again.

The proper way to behave with a stock of perfume, according to the people who sell it, is to splash cologne lavishly all over the body after a bath. The effect is less potent than it sounds because of the rapid evaporation. Next wet a wad of absorbent cotton with the perfume that matches the cologne and dab it behind and in front of the ears, inside the elbow and wrist, behind the knees and at the base of the throat. These are known as the pulse spots, the places on the body where the blood is closest to the skin. The purpose of this is to heat the perfume, thus accelerating the rate at which it is projected around the room.

The previously mentioned wad of cotton is then worn in the bra and the lady needs only a small bottle of her perfume to carry in her purse to renew the effect once or twice during the evening. This, mind you, is the way European women wear their perfume. It seems to many women of the New World that such concentration is akin to carrying a fish, and the North American male, the slob, is apt to complain the stench is making his eyes water.

This attitude is that of a lout, according to perfumers, who suggest that the seductress spray the bed linen with cologne and rub perfume on cold electric-light bulbs; when the light is turned on and the bulb warms the room will smell as though it too had perfume behind its ears.

If the man

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"Wow! This mix should knock them dead."

THEY STILL CAN'T CURE YOUR COLD

By JUNE CALLWOOD

Photos of Lou Jacobs by Rockett

THE common cold has been afflicting humans and chimpanzees for at least twenty-four centuries, when Hippocrates used to advise his patients that rest in bed was the only treatment.

No record has been kept of the misery and expense colds have caused chimpanzees but among people the toll is considerable. It has been estimated that in February, the peak month for colds, one person in every five in North America has a cold. Industry reckons its loss from absenteeism through colds is in the neighborhood of one and a half billion dollars and colds account for more than a quarter of the empty seats in school classrooms.

This past decade has seen some tremendous progress in the ever-busy field of common-cold research. Doctors have reached the point where they are almost sure that a virus causes colds. Now all that remains is a method of preventing colds or one of curing them. But the cold today is as incurable as it was in ancient Greece.

In fact it remains so mysterious that some of the world's leading cold experts—working with "human guinea pigs" in a laboratory in Salisbury, England, and using live cold virus and the latest scientific methods—can cause volunteers to catch a cold only fifty percent of the time. In a world of miracle drugs and wonder cures the common cold is unscathed.

Since the average person gets about two colds a year (farmers and people in very low income brackets average more, the latter because of poor diet and inadequate housing) a recital of the symptoms will be familiar to all. The first is a sensation of burning and discomfort in the nose or throat, closely followed by a profusion of watery mucus in the nose. Next you have a dull headache and a feeling that your head is stuffed with mattress innards. If the infection spreads down into your bronchial tubes your voice becomes hoarse and you have a dry racking cough. With or without treatment the cold lasts five to seven days.

Though no one has died of a simple cold many people have succumbed to one of the many secondary infections to which a heavy cold makes

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For more than two thousand years men and monkeys

have sniffled their way through two colds a year and the

surest advice medical science can offer to date is —

blow your nose. Not even wonder drugs are certain to cure the mysterious malady called the common cold

The look of a child on Christmas is more precious than any gift—keep it!

Save holiday memories—in snapshots

This gay season may be yours for keeps—for family and friends to enjoy—if your camera is loaded when the right time comes.

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At your dealer's—dependable Kodak and Brownie cameras for indoor and outdoor snapshots.

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IN THE Editors' CONFIDENCE

Ronny Jaques: Twice he's failed to make his kind of a living in his homeland.

RONNY JAQUES, who took the fine photographs that accompany **Ian Sclanders** piece Lucy of Green Gables on page 12, likes best to tell stories with his camera. But he's so much in demand by the flossy fashion magazines to photograph their lanky hollow-cheeked models standing with their feet at an angle of forty-five degrees that he doesn't get around to the kind of work he likes best as often as he would like.

Ronny, who is a Canadian, lives in New York to which he returned after a second unsuccessful attempt to make his kind of a living doing his kind of work. "I feel Canada isn't ready yet to support any photographer who likes to do all his own work, not only taking the photographs but developing and printing them," he told us.

* * *

Bob Zacks, who used to be an accountant, says he suffered "the usual savage apprenticeship" while becoming a successful free-lance fiction writer. The biggest lesson he had to learn was that no matter how good the last story was, even if it was as good as The Shepherd and The Dictator on page 18, it's the next one that counts. When we last heard from him he was living in New York with his wife, gloomily pondering his typewriter and the prospects for the next story.

* * *

ARTICLE editor **Pierre Berton** has been out on the west coast digging clams, writing articles (such as the one on pages 10 and 11) and talking to writers. The results will be apparent in forthcoming issues. Humorist **Eric Nicol** is off to Hollywood to do a series of articles for Maclean's. Columnist **Jack Scott** has written a moving article about a young couple faced with the problem of a Mongoloid child. Movie reviewer **Clyde Gilmour** is preparing a review of the movies of 1951. And Berton himself found himself writing about another writer **Evelyn Caldwell**, better known as Penny Wise, the shopping columnist of the Vancouver Sun, who recently covered the war in Korea. The results will be in our next issue.

THE COVER

OSCAR CAHEN has had many comments on his Oct. 15 cover which you may remember showed an artist depicting a modernistic landscape in conventional terms. One of these came from the famed Far East correspondent and author **Hallett Abend**, who thought that it was "one of the cleverest I've ever seen. . . . It took a clever man to have such a simple idea."

Oscar had another good idea for this Christmas cover. In his original sketch he filled the space at the left immediately over the youngster at the door with an old-fashioned sparkler. The only trouble was that no one around here, with the exception of one westerner who must have had a pretty old-fashioned childhood, had ever heard of them, so a colored Christmas-tree light was substituted.

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to serve you . . .
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Today's new car buyers in increasing thousands are discovering a phenomenon. That phenomenon is that you can cut your motoring cost by hundreds of dollars per year while you continue to enjoy the satisfaction of fine car performance.

To new owners every day (10,000 of them last year) Austin is bringing the revelation that the A-40 Devon 4-door Sedan brings you everything you look for in an automobile at hundreds of dollars less than you have been accustomed to paying.

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Austin
OF ENGLAND

Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

AN AMERICAN IN PARIS: Hollywood hasn't turned out a better musical in years than this gay and handsome confection starring Gene Kelly, Oscar Levant and a delightful French newcomer named Leslie Caron. The tunes by Gershwin are as pleasurable as ever.

ANGELS IN THE OUTFIELD: A baseball comedy, mildly amusing, [illegible] and boney-headed [illegible]. Celestial counsellors, all of them former big leaguers, help the Pittsburgh Pirates to a pennant and encourage fiery manager Paul Douglas to watch his language.

THE BLUE VEIL: A rambling, old-fashioned tear-jerker about a childless widow (Jane Wyman) who devotes her life to the bringing up of other people's babies. The ending is happy. You will find even the male customers reaching for their hankies.

CROSSWINDS: A corny tropical adventure in which some of the year's most stupefying dialogue is solemnly batted back and forth by sailor John Payne, adventuress Rhonda Fleming and other operatives. It's a pageant, though, with the [illegible].

THE DESERT FOX: A controversial Anglo-American obituary, highly laudatory in tone, of Rommel and the German military caste, with James Mason performing powerfully in the title role. I, for one, don't quite swallow the implication that the Nazis might have won the war if Hitler hadn't been a low-comedy screwball.

DETECTIVE STORY: Sidney Kingsley's hard-hitting Broadway drama about life in a big-town police station has been expertly filmed by William Wyler. The result is muscular entertainment for adults. The cast includes Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker.

JIM THORPE — ALL-AMERICAN: Burt Lancaster in a rather slow but absorbing biog of the Oklahoma Indian super-athlete who won the 1912 Olympics practically single-handed before a series of tough breaks shoved him downhill into bitterness and obscurity. The likeness is, physically at least, a resembles the mighty Thorpe with considerable vividness.

THE LADY PAYS OFF: A soggy little comedy-drama about a suave gambler (Stephen McNally), his motherless daughter (Gigi Perreau) and an intellectual glamour girl (Linda Darnell) who gets involved with them.

THE PEOPLE AGAINST O'HARA: Lawyer Spencer Tracy runs afoul of both the courts and the underworld in his dogged efforts to save a neighborhood boy from the electric chair. It's a bit lumbering in pace but decent and unhysterical, and some of the minor roles are uncommonly well acted.

PICKUP: A small-budget, well-intentioned but only partly successful melodrama in the European tradition, although made in Hollywood. It is about a middle-aged widower (weirdly played by writer-director Hugo Haas) who marries a gold-digger and soon learns he has taken a viper to his bosom.

SEVEN DAYS TO NOON: Its delayed arrival in Canada prompts me to revise my remarks regarding this fine suspense drama from Britain's [illegible]. Another look at it after a few months has convinced me that it merits the rating "excellent" rather than the "good" I've been giving it. Story deals with a "cracked" scientist on the loose in London with a suitcase and an A-bomb.

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE: Certainly not for the kiddies, and [illegible] for many a grown-up, this is nonetheless a brilliant and unforgettable film for people not opposed to life in the raw on the screen. Tennessee Williams' disturbing tale of neurotics and hot blood in New Orleans is enacted by a superb cast headed by Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter and Karl Malden, and the direction by Elia Kazan is masterly throughout.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL: A tiresome farce-fantasy about a poisoned dog which returns to life (from Beastatory, yet!) in the more-or-less human form of a private detective (Dick Powell). He then sets out to convict and punish his own killer.

GILMOUR RATES

Bitter Rice	Sex melodrama. Fair.
Bright Victory	Drama. Good.
Browning Version	Drama. Excellent.
Captain Horatio Hornblower	Adventure afloat & ashore. Good.
Cattle Drive	Gentle western. Good.
David & Bathsheba	Bible romance. Fair.
Day the Earth Stood Still	Planetary space drama. Excellent.
Flying Leathernecks	War. Fair.
Force of Arms	Love & war. Good.
The Frogmen	Undersea war. Good.
Golden Horde	Adventure. Poor.
Happy Go Lovely	Musical. Fair.
Here Comes the Groom	Comedy. Good.
Hotel Sahara	Comedy. Good.
Iron Man	Boxing drama. Fair.
Kon-Tiki	True sea adventure. Good.
Lady From Texas	Comedy. Fair.
Laughter in Paradise	Comedy. Fair.
Lavender Hill Mob	Comedy. Excellent.
Lili Marlene	War drama. Poor.
Love Nest	Comedy. Fair.
Meet Me After the Show	Betty Grable musical comedy. Good.
Mr. Belvedere Rings the Bell	Light comedy. Fair.
Nature's Half Acre	Disney wildlife short. Tops.
Night Into Morning	Drama. Fair.
No Highway in the Sky	Drama. Good.
Peking Express	Melodrama. Fair.
People Will Talk	Drama. Good.
A Place in the Sun	Drama. Tops.
The Prowler	Adult drama. Excellent.
Raging Tide	Crime drama. Fair.
Rhubarb	Cat & baseball farce. Fair.
Saturday's Hero	College drama. Good.
Sealed Cargo	Naval espionage. Fair.
The Second Woman	Mystery. Fair.
Secret of Convict Lake	Drama. Fair.
Show Boat	Musical. Good.
Sirocco	Bogart drama. Fair.
Strange Door	Melodrama. Poor.
Tall Target	Suspense drama. Fair.
Teresa	Drama. Excellent.
This Is Korea	Documentary. Fair.
Thunder on the Hill	Mystery. Fair.
Wherever She Goes	Drama. Poor.

How to Tackle that Turkey

Continued from page 20

years later. Some forlorn colonists were the first Englishmen to eat the bird in 1621 in the Massachusetts Bay Colony when an Indian chief named Squanto roasted native turkeys for their lean stomachs at the first Thanksgiving celebration. About 1625 new Pilgrims arrived bringing the European-educated bird with them. The repatriated gobblers preened themselves and strutted into the woods where they met their wild cousins. This resulted in the founding of several distinguished turkey families: Bronzes, Narragansetts, White Hollands, Bourbon Reds, Black and Slates, Nittanys and Royal Palms.

Let's cut the history class and take up the saga after three centuries of big feeds and the naps that followed them. A dozen years ago came the second revolution in turkey breeding. Scientific breeders reduced the weight of mature turkeys by half but kept the same amount of white meat with less bone and gristle. The new breed, known as Beltsville White, named after the U.S. Government station in Maryland at which it was developed, was adapted to the smaller family unit and the modern housewife's dislike of left-overs.

Today Beltsville White and his dwindling flocks of paunchier relatives are a three-hundred-and-twenty-five-million-dollar business in the U.S. and Canada. Canada still prefers the bigger birds such as the Bronzes and will this year consume about two and three-quarter million turkeys or forty million pounds. Turkey consumption is rising; this year more than three pounds per person will be eaten. Most Canadian turkeys are raised in Ontario but the prairie provinces do the heaviest per capita turkey eating, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Texas is the continent's greatest turkey producing area. The state's turkey centre is Cuero, which holds a grand manifestation and feast of sorts in November known as the Cuero Turkey Trot. Throngs come from all over to watch thousands of turkeys marching down Main Street behind a trumpet corps and followed by floats bearing the Sultana of Turkey Trot and her court. The parade is quite an honor for the turkeys but it ends rather dismally. At the finish of the parade the birds are marched right into the packing house.

So much for history and economics. How about that turkey dinner? When I started my final exam I asked the experts what kind of bird to buy. They said a dressed bird. None of the turkeys I saw at the market looked dressed, as they were missing their feathers and quite a few didn't even have legs and heads. But the poultryman said they were dressed all right, so I didn't argue. He recommended a ten and a half pound Beltsville White which would feed eight people and asked me if I wanted it New York dressed, eviscerated or cut up. "Come again?" I said politely. He explained that New York dressed meant a plucked bird with his head, feet and innards intact. He would remove them for me. New York dressed had come alive to the market. The eviscerated fowl has had his head, legs and innards removed at the packing plant and arrived in deep freeze. The cut-up version is the lazy cook's turkey, disassembled into drumsticks, wings and white and dark meat fillets, about ten portions to the bird.

I took a New York dressed Beltsville White which promised to yield five pounds of cooked meat. He looked okay according to the experts' rules for buying a good bird: he was plump, short of body, broad of breast. He had streaks of fat under his skin, which was clean and waxy. He had only two small bruises. The turkey professors tell you to watch out for excessive bruises and if you are buying a frozen turkey be sure it is rock solid and not dried out, blistered or showing freeze burns.

Woolworth Gives the Bird

The Canadian Department of Agriculture inspects and grades all dressed turkeys except home-grown fowl. Producers first grade the birds, from Grade Special through Grades A, B and C down to D, the limit of edibility. Then government inspectors check a twenty percent sample of the shipment. If the sampling doesn't meet the producer's grading the shipment is sent back for regrading. Experts advise the family buyer always to insist on seeing the government tags or marks on the bird. The top Special grade has a purple mark, A is red, B is blue and C is yellow-brown.

The experts told me, by the way, that turkey is cheaper than chicken. It yields more meat per pound cost. Woolworth's lunch counters found this out long ago. There are one and often two turkey dishes on the lunch-counter menu of the bigger Woolworth stores several days a week. Turkey is popular among hospital, school and factory caterers for this reason. Turkey is okay for bland diets and contains rich protein, B complex vitamins and minerals, including iron.

I clutched Beltsville White and sped home, stopping only to buy a chef's cap. This bonnet is essential to male cookery and reproves the women for their irreverent approach to food. I crowned myself *un chef de cuisine* and seemed to feel Brillat-Savarin and Escoffier looking approvingly over my shoulder.

I opened the Turkey Handbook on

Continued on page 30

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

THE DUMBELLS

Even if you never heard Al Plunkett sing These Wild, Wild Women, or saw Red Newman clown his way through Oh, Oh, It's a Lovely War, you've heard of this most famous Canadian revue staged by veterans of the First World War. They loved them from Saskatoon to Broadway.

A Maclean's Flashback by Max Braithwaite

Helpful Hints on Home Heating

So many advances have been made in recent years in the development of heating equipment that today practically any home can enjoy the complete comfort of well distributed warmth from a convenient and efficient system adapted to its particular needs. First step to assure that result, whether in present or projected home, is to consult your architect or plumbing and heating contractor, who will make an analysis of the building and plan the system accordingly.

At the planning stage, a reference guide you'll find interesting and informative is the Crane booklet ADM 1607 "How to select the right heating system for your home".

CAPACITY—In selecting the boiler, it is of course of first importance that it be of the right capacity for your requirements. It is also a good idea to have one that is readily convertible for use with all types of fuel. For your selection in the Crane line is a complete variety of dependable boilers—of all capacities ranging upwards from the famous little "Junior", 42 inches of heating efficiency, which brings the advantages of hot water heating to the smallest homes. All Crane boilers are adaptable to all methods of firing, and all types of fuel. When planning the heating system have in mind the advantages of the new "BILT-IN" tankless instantaneous coil which provides an abundant and continuous supply of domestic hot water—without the need of a storage tank.

CARE CUTS COSTS—Soot and scale cost money. They form an insulating layer that stops heat from reaching the water of your heating system. It pays to clean flues twice a month—give your boiler a complete annual cleaning—and have your plumbing and heating contractor give it a check-up at least once a year. Cleaning a boiler can be done without trouble or dirt. Always start at the top and work downward. You can allow soot and dust to fall on the fire where it will burn or reduce to ash. That eliminates the dirty job of removal through flue clean-out doors and does no particular harm to the condition of the firebed. Tools for removing soot and scale effectively are a scraper and a long handled wire brush. The main thing is to KEEP THE FLUES CLEAN.

EVEN TEMPERATURES save fuel. Set Thermostat at 65 to 70 for day time, 60 at night.

OTHER FUEL-SAVING SUGGESTIONS—Seal any air leaks in heating system from basement to chimney top . . . do not keep doors or windows open longer than necessary . . . a wise precaution is to open windows at top rather than at bottom (where cold air will sweep the radiator and perhaps freeze it) . . . dust off all outside surfaces of radiators regularly as dust is an insulator . . . prevent air leakage around frames of windows, doors and open woodwork by caulking . . . insulate the heating unit unless the heat radiated from it is used to heat the basement.

RADIATION—In determining the kind of radiators to install, you'll want to consider the new Radiant Baseboard Heating system, the modern method of introducing heat at ankle level for evenly distributed warmth throughout the room. The sturdy cast iron panels, as you can see from the illustration in the adjoining advertisement, look like baseboards and are substituted for them. If another system best suits your needs, here again you have a complete selection of dependable cast iron radiators available in the comprehensive Crane line: free standing (on legs) or wall-hung and concealed radiators for cabinet or panel installation.

LOCAL STOPS—An individual shut-off valve on each radiator gives you a big advantage: you can regulate the heat in any particular room without affecting the rest of the house.

OPEN the little petcock at the side of the radiator occasionally and keep it open until water appears. This prevents the formation in the radiator of air pockets which tend to impede the circulation of the water.

Also it's a good idea to operate the hand levers on the Relief Valve and the Safety Valve of your boiler two or three times a year, just to make sure they are in good working order.

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Continued from page 28

aid published by the Poultry and Egg National Board There was a typographical error right on the first page. It said a ten to twelve-pound turkey had to be cooked four hours in a slow oven. I called to my wife to point out this absurdity She said the Handbook checked with Fanny Farmer the Joy of Cooking and Escoffier, and furthermore with herself 'Cook it four hours,' she said flatly 'Very well' said I. "I'll throw in the stuffing and get going" I looked up stuffing and was arrested by a series of photographs entitled, Stuffing and Trussing, in which a fiendish pair of human hands seemed to be committing petit point embroidery on the helpless fowl There was a list of tools you needed to emulate the pair of hands. four skewers, a strawberry huller, paring knife, peppercorns cloves, bay leaf and close cord

An hour later I had assembled this impedimenta I was running somewhat behind schedule and remembered my wife's warning "Turkey takes all day" Of course women try to make kitchen stuff look hard I took the strawberry huller and attacked the scattered pin feathers. A half hour later my wife arose from an easy chair where she had been reading a cheap novel and helped remove the last pinfeathers. I put Beltsville under a tap to bathe him My wife said, 'Singe him' She pointed out that Beltsville had some tiny hairs I had not seen I set fire to twisted newspaper and singed him expertly The hair that flared off my eyebrows was nothing and a little salve fixed my fingers

Beltsville washed I tackled the stuffing The book said:

SIMPLE GOOD AND POPULAR STUFFING

1	cup fat
1	cup minced onion
1	stalk diced celery
4	quarts stale bread crumbs
1	tablespoon salt
½	tablespoon pepper
2	tablespoons poultry seasoning
1½	to 2 cups broth milk or water with butter
	chopped giblets

That's what the experts call simple I remarked to my wife that experts can get pretty narrow on a subject and she said 'Uh huh Shall I call the guests and say you'll be late?' I brushed her off I was involved with a new torture the so-called experts have invented, mincing onions, dicing celery and crumbing stale bread These turkey scientists ought to get out of the rut and do like the French goose ranchers do They grow the *pâté de foie gras* right inside the goose —surely this could be done for turkey stuffing

Beltsville Gets Buttered Up

A mere half hour later I was ramming the stuffing into Beltsville and then successfully followed the instructions for lacing him up with skewers and cord. Beltsville looked so good I carried him to my wife to admire She said, "Tear out all that trussing. You have too much stuffing in him It'll swell up and bust Beltsville" I decided to humor her after a brisk ten minute argument. I unrigged Beltsville and clawed out half his stuffing Then I threw another sock hitch on him lacing over the skewers to close his cavities fore and aft, and securing his wings amidships. A salt rubdown and a coat of butter made Beltsville ready for the 325 degree oven I put a buttered cheesecloth over his ample bosom to preserve him from the heat.

I joined my wife in the living room and could not forbear to point out that my turkey was in the oven a mere five hours after I started "Not bad for a first try," I added "You see ducks there is no need to take all day and make a big production out of it." She said "Do you plan to serve any other dishes with Beltsville?" I chuckled "The works my dear Cranberry sauce giblet gravy endive salad with wine vinegar dressing wild rice mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes peas brown Sicilian bread black walnuts" I couldn't finish for losing saliva

"Maybe you should go back to the kitchen and get cooking" she suggested Some hours later in my galley the picture unfolded of a panicking man in soggy white cap lost in mashed potatoes while the guests thronged the room waving unsteady cocktails, complaining they were hungry and offering banal remarks on the cooking Halfway through this *Walpurgisnacht* my wife sounded off "Beltsville's finished!"

It was pretty satisfying to see the looks of amazement on their pans when Beltsville emerged, bronzed and gleaming and his stuffing straining at the ropes. His girdle was burst but otherwise Beltsville and his author looked like a full color cover on Gourmet My wife broke the hushed interlude by barking "Put him back in the warming oven until you've done the rest of the stuff"

Cries of "No No!" arose from the guests A large male guest seized the carving set and we bore Beltsville pell mell to table Beltsville made the best turkey sandwiches you ever ingested If the harpies hadn't rushed me Beltsville's sacrifice would have rivaled the Feast of the Field of the Cloth of Gold I might have even whipped them up some really intricate number like *Dindonneau à la Catalane*, or young turkey as the Catalans cook same as touched up by the great Escoffier

This recipe starts with parts of a young bird which are fried in butter until brown. A pint of white wine is added to the butter, then salt, pepper and a crushed clove of garlic. Cook until the wine is completely reduced Add tomato purée, brown sauce and brown stock to cover the pieces of turkey (Did I say you should spend the previous day making purée sauce and stock?)

Put the dish into the oven for forty minutes, then fish out the turkey portions and put them in a casserole Add a half pound of quartered mushrooms, sautéed beforehand in butter and twenty chestnuts which have been cooked in consommé (One time a fledgling chef in the Hôtel Meurice in Paris used twenty-one chestnuts and had his cap taken away in a ceremony in the *grand salon à manger*.) Steady on now friends. Add twenty small glazed onions, five quartered tomatoes and ten Spanish sausages Put the original sauce on top of this and cook for twenty five minutes more Eat, take a nap

Basting Is for Fusspots

A savory variation on the basic Dingue bird is Roast Maryland Stuffed With Oysters This number from the eastern shore of Maryland calls for a big tom scaling eighteen to twenty pounds The stuffing for this Cavalier fowl is composed of a quart of oysters which have simmered in their own liquor until the edges are curled a half pound of highly seasoned sausage meat browned in a pan, a pound of chopped cooked chestnuts, two stalks of diced celery a chopped onion bread crumbs and sage, salt and cayenne pepper The oyster-fed turkey should be carved in following a crabmeat cocktail and a clam bisque with croutons.

There are certain crazed male cooks who go for basting the bird. Unsatisfied with the simple device of covering the beast with a buttered cloth to prevent drying while in the oven these fusspots stir up esoteric gunk and pop their heads in the oven repeatedly to spoon the stuff over the turkey One sauce starts with a champagne or sparkling cider base and goes on until the cook is laid out by the fumes A thick sauce of Hawaiian papaya juice and powdered charcoal coated on the bird will stay on and form a toothsome crust without requiring basting Sealing in the juices with a paste has its defenders. One good one combines mustard egg yellows, garlic juice and seasoning

Carving a turkey isn't difficult—it merely requires firmness and willingness to defy Emily Post if the bird doesn't behave After severing the cords and withdrawing the skewers, cut off one of the legs by grasping the knucklebone and cutting along the natural body joint Then slice the breast longitudinally, cutting down from the breastbone Stuffing is removed from the rear exit. There has been no spoon or human hand ever invented that will keep the stuffing from scattering Forget the carving fork and spoon and use a pair of kitchen tongs of the salad-handling type

The prodigality of Squanto's first turkey dinner for the Pilgrims has come down to us in all its heart burning splendor Squanto's recipe for roast turkey will work beautifully on your outdoor fireplace today He skinned the bird and rubbed it with crushed juniper berries put it on a spit and turned it over an open hickory fire. Squanto introduced cranberry sauce to the colonists the puckish berry that grew then as now in the Atlantic marshes from Carolina to Newfoundland The Indians sweetened the cranberry sauce with wild honey or maple sap. Probably the original menu included Jerusalem artichokes, which the Indians cultivated The indigenes had already bred domestic runner beans from wild twining plants and the colonists ate them as well as limas and kidney beans There was succotash an ancient Indian dish As a matter of fact, Squanto's people used frozen foods. When winter came they made a succotash stew with maize, beans and wild game. They put the batch outside to freeze solid and chipped off hunks as needed during the winter

Corn breads and Indian pudding were eaten at Squanto's banquet and the first American chef may have even popped some corn for the kids Pumpkin pie the mandatory dessert with holiday turkey was not yet evolved from the English pastry shell and the Indian dessert of pumpkin flesh stewed

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with maple sap. If you want to follow Squanto's menu you will start with clam cocktails, "the treasure hid in the sands," of the Pilgrims.

The abstemious religious refugees whom Squanto fed undoubtedly did not drink wine from the wild grapes of New England but the holiday table today frequently bears an appropriate dry white wine. My own choice of whites is the gin pale Orvieto which comes from Italy in green hand-blown bulbs nested in raffia cradles. But tastes differ. People who do not customarily have wine with meals like sweet heavy and even red wines with fowl. Go ahead, it's your picnic. Wine belongs.

Of all meats turkey leaves the greatest wake of leftovers. The carcass often meets a deplorable fate: the rissole and the croquette. The noble bird does not deserve to be turned into sawdust on the second day. Kindly give the victim the sauce treatment such as is the superb dish Turkey Tetrazzini, which may be made of one-to-four day old meat.

The baton is lifted on this Tetrazzini aria with a white sauce made with cream and seasoned with celery salt. Bring the sauce to a boil and add:

a cup or more of cooked turkey in thin strips
½ cup of cooked spaghetti, cut into small pieces
½ cup of mushroom caps, sautéed in butter
1/3 cup grated Parmesan cheese

Stir and transfer to a buttered baking dish. Or top put three quarters cup of buttered cracker crumbs and bake in a hot oven until the crumbs are golden brown.

Leftover turkey should not be stored as it was left when the guests arose and inched away. Take the carcass, strip off the meat with your fingers. Wrap the meat in foil or airtight waxed paper packages. Similarly save the stuffing and gravy and bones. If you have the energy left Christmas night, start a broth simmering right away, using the broken bones, a half carrot, a sliced onion, clove of garlic, bay leaf, celery leaves, parsley (and dribs of leftover vegetables), plus salt and several peppercorns. Simmer in a closed pot for two or three hours, cool and strain into jars. This stock is the kickoff for many a fine dish to come. And I don't mean hash.

I mean for instance Brazilian turkey roll. This dish brings folks from all over to a Brazilian cafe in Manhattan. It requires a pancake similar to those used in crepes suzettes. You have a cookbook, haven't you? Look up crepes. No cookbook? Use thin toast trimmed of crust.

Melt three tablespoons of butter in a saucepan, blend in two tablespoons of flour, salt and pepper. Add a cup of the soup stock you saved, a half cup of white wine or sherry and a half cup of milk. Pour these liquors in gradually and keep stirring. When the batch has thickened sprinkle on a mild grated cheese, add eight or ten slabs of sliced turkey, both white and dark meat. Spoon the portions immediately onto a pancake (or toast) and roll it around the fillings. Serve with broccoli. Four souls for lunch nicely on Brazilian turkey rolls.

Kitchen genius can produce all sorts of palatable dishes with leftover fowl provided you do not hash or grind the flesh up dry. Use the gravy savings and liquid stock, the juices of the princely guinea fowl. He deserves to have them restored while he is being cannibalized during Christmas week.

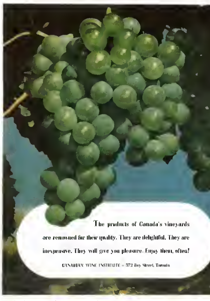
Eggs Benedict, the paragon of breakfast treats, will take on a turkey twist, either by substituting a slice of white turkey for the ham slice or adding it to the ham. On a grilled English muffin half put the ham and/or turkey slice, topped by a poached egg, and cover with fresh Hollandaise sauce.

As a matter of fact, even aspics are better than hash.

The English epicure, Michael Powell, who made the films The Red Shoes and Tales of Hoffmann, has pronounced the final word on turkey recipes. Powell was researching medieval history when he came across the menu that was served by Henry V to the five kings after the Battle of Agincourt. Powell resolved to recreate the digestive atmosphere of Agincourt. He felt a keen insight into the fifteenth century could be gained. The recipe of the ancient banquet called for a large swan plucked and eviscerated. The swan was stuffed with a whole goose. The goose was stuffed with a chicken and inside the chicken there was put a pigeon. The pigeon contained a lark, the favorite tidbit of old England. The lark was stuffed with truffles and goose livers.

Powell found everything on the list but the swan. Her Majesty is the titular owner of the Thames swans and Powell felt the keeper of the Royal Swans might not appreciate his gustatory experiment. Powell decided to use a turkey instead of a swan. The poultry was roasted and prepared in the draughtiest old castle Powell could rent. He sent invitations to four other gourmets to join him in impersonating the five kings. The ersatz royalties sat down to table and ate of the dish. Powell poured French wines and genuine ancient type English mead into cavernous mugs. Afterward everybody was feeling plenty medieval.

I plan to try this recipe next Christmas. ★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Lucy of Green Gables

Continued from page 13

Rudyard Kipling wrote her, as did His Excellency Earl Grey, the Governor-General. In a single week there were seven hundred letters from Australia. Lucy Maud distributed them among Prince Edward Island school children who answered them, and for years afterwards there was a prodigious exchange of correspondence between pen pals of P. E. I. and the antipodes.

Miss Montgomery, now an international celebrity, was swamped with invitations to be the guest of honor of important organizations in important cities, but she politely declined them all.

Her sense of duty, her Presbyterian conscience, would not let her leave her widowed grandmother. She stayed on at Cavendish, still helping in the post office, which was a room at the front of the house, and still cooking, washing dishes, scrubbing floors. The fees from the post office were barely enough to support her grandmother and Lucy Maud refused to accept a share of them. Her own income came entirely from her writing, which she sandwiched between more prosaic chores.

Before Anne of Green Gables was accepted she had produced hundreds of verses, articles and short stories for Sunday school papers and other publications for children. Her output was tremendous but the rewards had been dismally small—rarely as much as ten dollars in a week.

After the success of Anne of Green Gables, Lucy Maud concentrated on full-length novels. She wrote a total of twenty-two and Anne was the heroine of half a dozen of them. She also wrote a volume of poetry. All her books, with the exception of the poetry, were popular and met with a ready reception, but Anne of Green Gables was her one outstanding triumph, her one best seller.

Lucy Maud's "studio" at Cavendish was a sunny corner in the kitchen, beside a window through which she could gaze out on an apple orchard. When she was writing she perched on a table, her feet against the arm of a sofa, and held her portfolio on her knee.

She would scribble the first draft of a story with a pencil on the backs of official government forms, with which the post office was invariably oversupplied. When she had revised and corrected her work she typed the final draft with two fingers on a battered secondhand machine "that never made capitals plain and wouldn't print m's at all." She forced herself to rise early so she would have more time for what she wanted to do, and once confided to her diary: "I didn't roll out of bed until six thirty this morning. I mustn't be so lazy again."

Avonlea, the village in which she set Anne of Green Gables and a number of her other books, was actually Cavendish, and the spots she loved were at her doorstep.

There was a pond, Anne's Lake of Shining Waters. "A bridge spanned it midway and from there to its lower end, where an amber-hued belt of sand hills shut it in from the dark blue gulf beyond, the water was a glory of many shifting hues . . . Here and there a wild plum leaned out from the bank like a white-clad girl tiptoeing to her own reflection. From the marsh at the head . . . came the clear, mournfully sweet chorus of the frogs."

There was a spring. In Anne of Green Gables, Anne says: "We've agreed to call the spring down by the log bridge the Dryad's Bubble. Isn't that a perfectly elegant name? I read a story once about a spring called that. A dryad is a sort of grown-up fairy, I think."

There was a spruce grove, Anne's Haunted Wood. "A haunted wood is so very romantic . . . We chose the spruce grove because it's so gloomy. Oh, we have imagined the most harrowing things . . . I wouldn't go through the Haunted Wood after dark now for anything. I'd be sure that white things would reach out from behind the trees and grab me."

There was a tiny stream, Anne's Babbling Brook. "Have you ever noticed what cheerful things brooks are? They're always laughing. Even in winter I've heard them under the ice. If there wasn't a brook I'd be haunted by the uncomfortable feeling that there ought to be."

There was a path between tall maples, Anne's Lovers' Lane. "So romantic! Maples are such sociable trees, they're always rustling and whispering to you. I like that lane because you can think out loud there without people calling you crazy."

And there was a fine old farmhouse. It was owned by Lucy Maud's good friends, bearded and bashful David MacNeill, a wise and kindly bachelor, and his spinster sister, Margaret MacNeill, who had a stern face and an austere manner, but a heart of gold. In fiction, this house became Green Gables, Anne's home. Lucy Maud used David and Margaret MacNeill as the models for Anne's unforgettable foster parents, Matthew Cuthbert, bachelor, and Marilla Cuthbert, spinster.

Most of Lucy Maud's characters were like the Cuthberts, drawn from life. They were her neighbors and schoolmates, disguised and glorified a

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ALL-BRAN MOLASSES NUT-BREAD

Measure 1 cup All-Bran, ½ cup raisins, 2 tbsp. shortening and ½ cup molasses into bowl. Add ¾ cup hot water, stir till shortening melts. Add 1 egg, beat well. Sift together 1 cup sifted flour, 1 tsp. baking soda, ½ tsp. salt and ½ tsp. cinnamon; add to All-Bran mixture, stirring only until combined. [illegible] strained Heinz Oven Baked Beans [illegible] full. Bake in preheated mod. oven (350°F.) 45 min. Yield 2 loaves. Or use 8 x 8 in. pan. Bake in mod. oven 37 min. Yield 1 loaf. Serve at once.

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bit, but still recognizable. Generally, her plots and incidents were suggested by real happenings. She delved into her own memories for ideas and also borrowed and embroidered old tales told by the villagers around their winter fires.

At Cavendish people say Anne of Green Gables "just sort of evolved." They can sketch in the background. When Lucy Maud was an infant her mother died. Her father later departed for Saskatchewan, where he opened a store at Prince Albert, and she was left behind to be brought up by her maternal grandparents, Alexander MacNeill, a farmer, and his wife, the postmistress.

She was a bright precocious child. When she was nine she had read Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier, Scott and Burns, was composing verses herself and was already determined to be an author. At eleven she had written a boxful of stories. "They were very tragic creations in which almost everybody died," she once recalled. "In those tales, battle, murder and sudden death were the order of the day." At twelve she won a short-story contest for children sponsored by the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal.

When she was fifteen the Charlottetown Patriot printed one of many poems which she had submitted, thereby giving her what she described as "the greatest moment of my life."

She attended Cavendish District School (Anne's Avonlea) and Prince of Wales College at Charlottetown (Anne's Queen's). At Prince of Wales she qualified for a teacher's license (like Anne) at the age of seventeen. After that she visited her father in Saskatchewan for a year, spent a year at Dalhousie University in Halifax, then taught at the Prince Edward Island villages of Bideford and Ellerslie. Meanwhile, Sunday school papers and juvenile magazines bought some of her stories.

In 1898 when she was twenty-four, her grandfather died. She put a comforting arm around her lonely old grandmother and said, "I'm coming home to stay with you. You'll always have me." She resigned her teaching post and returned to Cavendish where she wrote for her living. She was happy in this period if an editor paid her as much as five dollars for a contribution.

From her tenth birthday on she had been filling scribblers with notes on things which struck her as having story possibilities. When a small niece arrived to stay with David and Margaret MacNeill, Lucy Maud—virtually an orphan herself—had wondered whether the child was an orphan. She had also wondered what the outcome would be if the MacNeills had wanted a boy orphan to help work the farm and had received a girl by mistake. So she jotted down this sentence: "Elderly couple apply to orphan asylum for boy; a girl is sent them."

That single sentence led to Anne of Green Gables. At the outset of the novel, Matthew and Marilla Cuthbert apply for an orphan boy. Through an error they get Anne, an orphan girl. They plan at first, to send her back to the orphanage, but she is so grateful, so delighted to have a home that they hesitate. For a while Anne's fate hangs in the balance, but she so endears herself to the Cuthberts that they keep her. As she grows up she repays them many times for their kindness.

While the arrival of the niece of David and Margaret MacNeill gave Lucy Maud the idea, Anne is not patterned after the niece, who, as it turned out, was not an orphan, and is now Mrs. Ernest Webb of Cavendish. In Anne Lucy Maud unconsciously painted a charming self portrait. Apparently she was about the only person in Cavendish who wasn't aware of Anne's identity, although she sensed that Anne was a real individual and once said, "When I tell people that she is entirely fictitious I have an uncomfortable feeling that I am not telling the truth."

Her Feather-Sprouting Nose

Lucy Maud's hair, if it wasn't red, had a reddish glint. Her eyes, like Anne's, were big and wistful, and her face, like Anne's, had an elfin quality. She had freckles like Anne, Anne's flair for fantasy, Anne's genius for tumbling into awkward situations.

As a teen-ager in a day when a lovely woman was supposed to have an "alabaster" complexion she hated her freckles and once plastered them with a sticky blemish remover that had to be left on for two hours. Waiting for the two hours to pass, she sorted a sackful of goose down with which she intended to fill pillows. And she dreamed she was a duchess. Suddenly, there was a knock on the castle door and the duchess swept majestically to answer it and there on the threshold stood the parson, come to call on her grandparents.

"Great heavens, child!" he exclaimed. "Your nose—there are feathers sprouting all over it!"

That couldn't have happened to anybody but the girl who was Anne, although it is not chronicled in Anne of Green Gables or other Anne books.

In Anne of Green Gables a clergyman and his wife, who are new at Avonlea, accept an invitation to tea at Green Gables. Anne, who has been learning to cook, is allowed to bake a layer cake for the occasion—a coveted privilege.

"Cakes," she remarks, "have such a terrible habit of turning out bad just when you especially want them to be good. However, I suppose I shall just have to trust to Providence and be careful to put in the flour." She puts the flour in all right but in her excitement uses liniment instead of vanilla for flavoring. Lucy Maud herself made the same blunder under the same circumstances.

Anne was poor at mathematics, so was Lucy Maud. Anne was a gifted elocutionist. "Her fright and nervousness vanished and she began her recitation, her clear sweet voice reaching to the farthest corner of the room without a tremor or a break." Lucy Maud was likewise a gifted elocutionist—one of the most popular performers at the fortnightly meetings of the Cavendish Literary Society.

Anne gave up schoolteaching to look after her foster parents when they needed her. Lucy Maud gave up schoolteaching to be with her grandmother. She was so faithful to her pledge always to look after her grandmother that although she fell deeply in love she would not marry while the old woman was alive.

Rev. Ewan Macdonald, with whom she "kept company," was born at Valleyfield, P. E. I., and like Lucy Maud he attended Prince of Wales College. He was the Presbyterian minister in the Cavendish district. Lucy Maud was thirty seven when she and Macdonald were finally wed in 1911 a few months after the grandmother's death. He was forty one. He had been waiting for her for ten years and rather than leave Cavendish and be separated from her he had turned down several opportunities in bigger places. He and his bride soon moved to Uxbridge, Ont., but it was too late to repair his career and all his life he remained an underpaid country parson.

His lean income was augmented by his wife's earnings. Up to 1911 four of her books, Anne of Green Gables, Anne of Avonlea, Kilmeny of the Orchard and The Story Girl, had been published. Between 1911 and 1939, although she had the management of the manse and the upbringing of two sons on her hands, she wrote Chronicles of Avonlea, The Golden Road, Anne of the Island, Anne's House of Dreams, Rainbow Valley, Further Chronicles of Avonlea, Rilla of Ingleside, Emily of New Moon, Emily Climbs, The Blue Castle, Emily's Quest, Magic for Marigold, A Tangled Web, Pat of Silver Bush, Mistress Pat, Anne of Windy Poplars, Jane of Lantern Hill and Anne of Ingleside. She also wrote her volume of verse, The Watchman and Other Poems, and countless short stories and articles. She once estimated that her writing brought her a total of seventy five thousand dollars.

When Lucy Maud's sons, Chester and Stuart, were toddlers she improvised bedtime stories for them, but she taught them to read at an early age and from then on expected them to find their own literary entertainment. She had no daughters. Chester is now a lawyer at Fort William, Ont., and Stuart is a doctor on the staff of St. Michael's Hospital at Toronto.

Lucy Maud in middle age was a handsome and incessantly busy woman. She was active in congregational work, kept her house spotless, and prepared wonderful meals, yet she shut herself up in her bedroom for hours each day to write. She had an enormous collection of books, which she read and reread. They ranged from cheap detective thrillers to metaphysical tomes. A prolific correspondent, she tried to answer all fan mail and often sent personal friends letters that were twenty or thirty pages long.

Her memory was fantastic and she could recite all Sir Walter Scott's epic poems. She was fond of cats, would talk to them as though they were human and always had a grey striped one named Daffy. There were three Daffys. The youngest died at fifteen, the eldest at twenty one.

In Anne of Green Gables Anne rebels amusingly against Sunday school but Lucy Maud didn't carry this whimsical approach to religion into her personal life. She was not belligerently "churchy" but her outlook did reflect the austere and puritanical influences that surrounded her in her childhood at Cavendish, where nobody, in those days, would have dared cut wood on the Sabbath, even to keep from freezing.

When Chester or Stuart Macdonald needed discipline it was Lucy Maud who applied the palm of the hand to the seat of the pants.

Her husband was proud to have descended from the Macdonalds of Sleat who, he boasted, were the wildest of the Scottish clans. But he himself was the mildest of men—an absent minded scholar who was usually to be found in his library. When his

Wised Up!

With meat priced way
Beyond my means,
Let me say
I don't know beans!
—Ivan J. Collins

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youngsters wanted spending money he was a soft touch.

Like Anne, Lucy Maud had a temper. It flared in 1920 when Page—the publisher who bought Anne of Green Gables for five hundred dollars—brought some of her longer short stories out in a book. She sued Page, claiming unauthorized publication, and the case was before the courts for nine years. Finally she won a verdict in her favor.

Her temper also flared in 1921 when she saw Hollywood's silent version of Anne of Green Gables, starring Mary Miles Minter. Apart from receiving nothing for the film rights, she had no control over the treatment of the story since she had sold it outright to Page. She considered Mary Miles Minter "too sugary sweet . . . not a scrap like my gingery Anne." But what burned her most was that the scene of Green Gables had been transferred to the United States and the Stars and Stripes flew over Anne's school.

She forgave Hollywood in 1934 when Anne of Green Gables was filmed with sound. Anne's second name was Shirley. The young actress cast in the role adopted Anne Shirley as her screen name and became well known under it. "The little girl who played the part of Anne is a good Anne," Lucy Maud commented. "There were many moments when she tricked me into feeling that she was Anne . . . Matthew, whom I have always seen with a long grey beard, seemed a stranger to me at first, but he was so good I finally forgot his clean shaven face . . . Marilla was not the tall thin austere Marilla of my conception, but it was impossible to help liking her. And Canada and the Island were given some credit for the story."

The Sapphire Isle

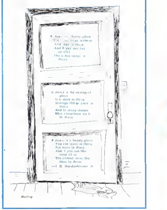
Lucy Maud and Ewan Macdonald were longer in Leaskdale, north of Toronto, than in any other parish. Their sons recall that Christmas at Leaskdale was strictly a family affair, with a tree, presents, surprises and a goose dinner—turkey being reserved for Thanksgiving.

For their summer vacations the Macdonalds journeyed to Prince Edward Island, for Lucy Maud never lost her passion for "that colorful little land of ruby and emerald and sapphire." There she visited her relatives, held reunions with schoolmates like Mrs. Mary Beaton and Mrs. R. E. Mutch, had tea at Green Gables with Mrs. Ernest Webb and made a pilgrimage to the small house she was born in at Clifton. This house is now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Found, of Charlottetown, who use it as a summer cottage. Lucy Maud was one of their close friends.

"Peace!" Lucy Maud wrote. "You never know what peace is until you walk on the shores or in the fields or along the winding red roads of Prince Edward Island in a summer twilight when the dew is falling and the old old stars are peeping out and the sea keeps its mighty tryst with the little land it loves. You find your soul then. You realize that youth is not a vanished thing but something that dwells forever in the heart."

She couldn't have written with such feeling about her native province unless she had truly loved it. Prince Edward Islanders loved her too and don't believe there will ever again be anybody quite like her. In Cavendish National Park most of the landmarks associated with her childhood and Anne's are carefully preserved, although the house in which the author lived with her grandparents has been torn down.

A CLOSET IS MANY THINGS


A closet is a handy place
[illegible] in them
And [illegible] in them
And if you are not an idiot
[illegible] things in them
A closet is the strangest place
It is dark in there
Strange things park in there
And in many closets
[illegible] skeletons [illegible]
In them
A closet is a handy place
You can store in there
Put more in there
And if you are like
most of us
You cannot close the
door on them
—I. G. Mandelbaum Jr
Morley

Green Gables, the house in which she placed Anne, has now been taken over by the federal government. On an average summer day six or seven hundred people go through it—people from all over North America and from other parts of the world. As a rule tourists are fairly noisy; they laugh and shout. At Green Gables they speak in hushed voices, as though in a shrine.

Outside, mothers and grandmothers who were thrilled long ago by the adventures of fiction's immortal redhead wander from the Babbling Brook to Lovers' Lane and watch the sun setting over the Lake of Shining Waters and suddenly realize, as Lucy Maud did, that youth dwells forever in the heart.

Thousands of Sad Friends

Lucy Maud Montgomery Macdonald was sixty-eight when she died in 1942, one year before her husband. She is buried in a graveyard on a hill overlooking Green Gables and there's a big stone monument to her near the entrance of Cavendish National Park. When this was erected the park had a new superintendent from the Canadian mainland who didn't know the sentiments of Prince Edward Islanders. He worried about the unveiling. Would anybody turn up for it?

He instructed his workmen not to set out too many benches. The roads were bad, he explained, and Cavendish was a long haul from the town of Summerside or the city of Charlottetown, and it would look better to have a few persons standing than to have rows of empty seats. So that the speakers on the program would at least have somebody to speak to, he asked the workmen to be on hand themselves.

But on the day of the unveiling the highways to Cavendish were choked with automobiles hours before the ceremony. In hamlets and villages there were folks who rose while it was still dark so they'd have time to travel to Cavendish by horse and buggy. The Gulf of St. Lawrence hummed with the sound of motor launches bringing fishermen and their families. Lucy Maud's friends came by the thousands from every corner of Prince Edward Island and also from the mainland. The park superintendent hurriedly changed his instructions and told his men to round up all the benches they could find.

"I guess," he said quietly, "that she must have been a wonderful woman."

She was. She had the qualities of the truly great—simplicity, wisdom, courage, humor, honesty, kindness. They flowed through her life as through her books. For she herself was Anne of Green Gables. ★

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Aluminum Hits the Road Again

Continued from page 15

of aluminum is accomplished by electrolysis in large steel vats known in the industry as "pots" or the "potlines." Each pot is lined with a hard carbon paste produced from the petroleum coke, then partially filled with pulverized cryolite. A carbon electrode is lowered into the cryolite and an electric current two hundred thousand times more powerful than that flowing through an ordinary twenty five watt bulb passes from the electrode through the cryolite to the pot's carbon lining. The cryolite melts and into this red hot molten bath the aluminum - bearing alumina is added. The electric current separates the alumina's oxygen and aluminum. Pure molten aluminum settles to the bottom of the pot and is drained off. All that has to be done is to continue adding cryolite and alumina. As long as there is sufficient electric power to keep the metallurgical brew boiling the pots never cease their work. And there's the rub. They consume an astronomical amount of electricity.

There's such a volume of electricity sizzling down Arvida's potlines that even the air for yards around is saturated with it. The potmen cannot carry watches, for the electrically charged air magnetizes a watch in a short time and makes it do everything except run backwards. The electrical energy used in producing one ton of aluminum would supply the average Canadian home with light, heat and power for twenty five years. A single pot consumes as much electricity in one day as the average city home does in eight years. Arvida, with twenty five potrooms of one hundred and forty pots each, uses more electricity each twenty four hours than all industrial and domestic consumers of Montreal and Toronto combined. Alcan of course is far and away Canada's biggest consumer of electricity.

Obviously with a kilowatt appetite of that size aluminum production's No. 1 requirement is a whopping supply of cheap electricity. There is the explanation of how Canada, without a dribble of the raw materials, can still be the world's most efficient and second biggest maker of aluminum. The only reason Canada isn't the world's leading producer is a one and a half-cent-a-pound duty on aluminum imported into the U. S., which gives U. S. producers the extra hedge of protection they need to stay in profitable business. And that kilowatt appetite, too, is the story behind the story of aluminum's repeated retreats to new and undeveloped frontiers. For aluminum can't compete with other industries for electric power. It has to find its power in a spot where no one else will want it. But sooner or later the other industries crowd in along aluminum's pioneering trail, the power price is bid upwards, and aluminum has to move again to a more distant frontier.

Aluminum's frontier - seeking trail started in a woodshed in Oberlin, Ohio, in 1886 where a young scientist named Charles Martin Hall discovered the electrolytic process of smelting the metal from its ore. Aluminum, before that more rare than gold, was launched on a career which was to see it become a competitor of steel.

That same year Hall took his discovery to Pittsburgh where the first aluminum plant was erected. Electric power had to be produced by steam. The best Hall could do was produce aluminum at five dollars a pound. At that price no one would buy it. The aluminum industry for the first time was up against the problem which was to dictate its history to this day. Hall had to find cheaper electricity and increase production so he could turn out a product that could compete on the metal market with iron and steel.

It couldn't be done in Pittsburgh where other industries, then beginning to use electric power, could pay more for it. Outside, however, where the competition was less, power was cheaper and Hall figured that by increasing production from ten to a hundred tons a year he could lower the aluminum price from five dollars a pound to one dollar. Hall borrowed a million dollars and, in 1891, built a bigger plant at New Kensington, a Pittsburgh suburb. Demand for cheaper power had forced aluminum to make its first move along the trail which now, sixty years later, has it burrowing like a giant mole into the heart of a remote B. C. mountain.

But even at a dollar a pound Hall's aluminum was still begging for buyers. To show prospective customers how it could be used the aluminum firm went into the manufacturing business and started producing cooking utensils. Storekeepers wouldn't risk their reputations with the newfangled pots and pans, so the aluminum company put college students on the road during summer vacations selling the aluminum ware door to door. One of their most aggressive young salesmen was a youth named R. E. Powell. Powell was certain that the new light-weight metal was going to go places. It did—and so did Powell. He has been president of the Aluminum Company of Canada for the past twenty years.

Slowly a demand for aluminum was built up. But new industries moved into New Kensington and the price for power was going up too. Their new-found aluminum market was none too secure, and an increase in price would knock it for a loop. To attract the much larger market that was developing, aluminum needed cheaper power, greater production and a lower price.

In 1893 the aluminum industry moved again, this time to pioneer a new type of power source—the vast and hitherto untapped energy of Niagara. Two large aluminum plants were built at Niagara Falls, N.Y., and a long-term contract signed for the purchase of ten thousand horsepower from an electric firm that was building Niagara's first hydro-electric generating station. Previously Niagara had been too remote from centres of industry to warrant power development there. But its cheap power and remoteness were just what aluminum needed and the first large hydro-electric plant in North America was financed there with aluminum industry backing.

Thus it was aluminum that started Niagara along the road to its present hydro-electric greatness. But on the other hand, Niagara also put the struggling aluminum industry on its feet. With Niagara's cheap and abundant power feeding the potlines the aluminum price was chopped from a dollar down to forty-eight cents a pound by 1896. At this price there was a booming market and for the first time the aluminum industry was rolling along in the black.

A New Eden in Quebec

The New Kensington plant, crippled now by a power price the industry couldn't hope to meet, was switched over to the manufacture of aluminum products. All production of primary aluminum metal was concentrated at Niagara.

The industry, now the Aluminum Company of America, popularly labeled "Alcoa," couldn't keep Niagara's power to itself for long, however. Other industries noticed Niagara's cheap power and began moving in and bidding up the power price. Aluminum was in the middle of the same old squeeze play again. Alcoa began looking around for another frontier. And this time it was going to need more than just cheap power. Aluminum production was now big time and, since its raw materials had to be imported from abroad, it had to find a spot that could be served by sea transportation. Rail freight charges to Niagara as well as increasing power rates were slowly strangling Alcoa.

Alcoa found its industrial Eden in Quebec. In 1899 the Aluminum Company of Canada was formed as a subsidiary of Alcoa and the aluminum trail crossed to Canada. Where the St. Maurice River tumbles down off the Laurentians to empty into the St. Lawrence at Three Rivers, aluminum started once more to carve an industrial empire out of wilderness. Power rights on the St. Maurice were controlled by the Shawinigan Water and Power Company, but Shawinigan then in its infancy had no finances to develop the power it owned. The new Canadian aluminum industry footed the bill and erected the first St. Maurice powerhouse at the little forest community of Shawinigan Falls. In 1901 Alcan began producing its first Canadian aluminum. There was no one else to use the power, raw materials of bauxite and cryolite could come by sea to within twenty-five miles of its Shawinigan Falls smelter—it was the most economical aluminum production setup yet. The price was slashed from forty eight to thirty two cents a pound, sales increased and the industry's power requirements, which had been one hundred and twenty five horsepower at Pittsburgh, two thousand horsepower at Niagara, now soared in a few years to thirty thousand horsepower.

Production increased from one thousand tons a year to six thousand. Then the same inevitable squeeze began again. The isolated forest settlement of Shawinigan Falls became a thriving industrial community of forty thousand people. New industries began offering higher rates for power. By 1926 the Shawinigan Falls smelter was paying twice as much per horsepower for electricity as it had in 1900 but aluminum was selling at six cents a pound less.

Shawinigan would have to stay in production to help supply the big market that had developed for Canadian aluminum, but somewhere the industry needed a new frontier once more to expand production and offset the growing Shawinigan costs. Alcan moved to the Saguenay Valley, one hundred miles north of Quebec City.

Here the aluminum industry tried a new strategy. Alcan would generate and control its own power, then no one else could come along in the years ahead and steal it from them. Canada had a foreign market now (largely U. S. and Britain) for all the aluminum it could produce and the first Saguenay powerhouse was designed to turn out a thumping one hundred thousand horsepower. In the forest of the Saguenay's bank Alcan built the new city of Arvida and an aluminum smelter with an initial capacity of thirty thousand tons a year, five times greater than the Shawinigan Falls smelter. Twenty miles downstream at a point where seagoing ships could dock with bauxite from British Guiana it built the harbor of Port Alfred. Arvida is now a city of eleven thousand, centre of a bustling industrial area with picturesque street plan and landscaping. Alcan didn't merely open a new

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

THE BEST MOVIES OF 1951

Clyde Gilmour, Maclean's movie critic, makes his annual selection of the pictures he liked best, while he again gives his crisp capsule review in which he rates the latest on the nation's screens.

IN MACLEAN'S JAN. 1 ON SALE DEC. 26

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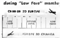

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frontier. It planted there a model city that is one of Canada's outstanding show places. Port Alfred's annual tonnage places it now among the leading ten Canadian ocean ports. Twenty-five years ago when aluminum's frontier retreat forced it to the Saguenay this area was a backwash of a few isolated farming communities. By World War II it was one of the few spots in Canada that rated anti-aircraft guns and a squadron of Spitfires standing by on a defense against possible enemy attack.

It was 1926 when Alcan made its move to Arvida. At this time Alcan was still a wholly owned subsidiary of the Aluminum Company of America. In 1928 it was cut loose from the apron strings of its American-owned parent, for Alcoa by this time was a sprawling industrial goliath with subsidiaries all over the world too widespread to be efficiently managed by a single firm. The divorce of Alcoa and Alcan was complete, there was no interlocking directorate. Actually one slender link remained, for when Alcan was established as an independent Canadian company its newly created shares were sold only to individuals already holding Alcoa shares. For a time therefore the two companies had the same shareholders but totally separated boards of directors.

Shut-Down At Shawinigan

The Alcan-Alcoa connection has been a political and legal football for years. In 1937 The U. S. Department of Justice charged under U. S. anti-trust laws that the two firms were a big and sinister international aluminum combine. Court hearings which dragged out for nine years finally proved in 1946 that the two were actually aggressive and bona fide competitors. In 1950 the squabble came up again and this time, to assure that no joint control could develop in the future, a U. S. judge ordered Alcoa shareholders who still also owned shares in Alcan to dispose of their shares in one or other of the companies. At this time Alcan was still eighty-five percent owned by U. S. shareholders. The court order will release a large number of Alcan shares and permit a greater percentage of Canadian ownership.

In 1928, as soon as it was cut loose from its former U. S. control, Alcan began preparing for a vast expansion which would reduce production costs and create a much greater demand for Canadian aluminum throughout the world. Shipshaw, until recently the world's biggest power development, was planned and work began that same year. Then came depression and the demand for aluminum was cut in half. The first section of Shipshaw was completed, the second and much larger section was postponed. Alcan in its Shipshaw No. 1 powerhouse had two hundred and sixty thousand horsepower that it didn't know what to do with. By 1932 production at Shawinigan Falls was costing much more per ton than at Arvida and the Shawinigan Falls smelter was closed down. Arvida's thirty-thousand-tons-a-year capacity could fill the demand almost twice over.

When World War II turned everybody, including Germany, Japan and Russia, clamoring for Canadian aluminum, Alcan expanded its Arvida smelting facilities, started drawing on Shipshaw's idle horsepower and between 1937 and 1939 doubled its production. But 1939's production of around eighty thousand tons was just the beginning. With the outbreak of war Britain and the U. S. flooded Alcan with orders that soared up into the neighborhood of two hundred thousand tons a year. Quebec was the only place in the world where aluminum production could be tremendously boosted with economy and speed.

Shipshaw's second section, construction of which was postponed in 1931, was rushed to completion in eighteen months in one of the war's most spectacular engineering projects. A police force of five hundred stood guard against sabotage as the job boomed along. Expediters roamed the country begging for materials for a project which, because of wartime secrecy, they could not name. When the dust and dynamite fumes cleared away Alcan had the world's biggest power plant. (Grand Coulee and Boulder Dam in western U. S. have since become slightly larger.) Instead of Shipshaw's original 260,000 horsepower its generators were now cranking out 1,500,000 horsepower.

New smelters were built at Beauharnois near Montreal, at Shawinigan Falls once more, and at La Tuque, another power site on the St. Maurice River. Power was rationed. Other industries which had bid up the power price and driven aluminum out of Shawinigan Falls ten years before were now taking a back seat to aluminum. Every kilowatt that could be obtained was funneled into the aluminum plants. Alcan's production by 1944 was a staggering half million tons a year. Most of it wound up in Allied planes. The air forces of Germany and Japan were first defeated on the aluminum potlines of Quebec.

At war's end the demand for aluminum remained as brisk as ever but now the old economic factors were back again to haunt the aluminum trail. No longer was government-dictated power rationing feeding electricity into the aluminum plants. Aluminum now had to find its own power and pay for it at the going rate. The result was that the Beauharnois and La Tuque smelters were closed down at once. Alcan couldn't meet the power rates there and turn out aluminum for the highly competitive peacetime market. In 1950, with the war preparedness program increasing the pressure for aluminum, Beauharnois was reopened. But it is only a stopgap necessitated by abnormal conditions. Its power cost is almost prohibitive and it is operating on an insecure year-to-year power contract which will terminate as soon as someone else offers more money for the same power. Beauharnois aluminum is needed for the time being but economically it is a white elephant that Alcan will write off as soon as conditions permit.

Among Youth's Perplexities:

Most things forbade
Were done by Dad

—COLIN MACKAY

Shawinigan Falls has remained in production since it was reopened during the war, but actually the aluminum trail has long since passed it by and like Beauharnois it is living on borrowed time. Power at Shawinigan is now costing three times as much as it did when aluminum first moved there in 1900. And meanwhile the price at which aluminum can be sold has dropped from 1900's thirty-three cents a pound to eighteen today.

Will aluminum's old bogeyman of competing industrial development and rising power costs strike at Arvida too? Arvida was to be the perfect aluminum establishment, the last Canadian aluminum frontier. Alcan would have its own electric power there and no one could bid the cost up on them. But it hasn't worked out that way. Even owning its own power hasn't protected Alcan against the economic squeeze which four times before has driven aluminum production to a new frontier.

Arvida today is producing more and cheaper aluminum than any other site in the world. In fact its aluminum output will increase during the next few years when two new Saguenay River power developments now under construction come into production. But already, before Arvida has even reached its zenith, the historic aluminum bogeyman has appeared.

"We have discovered we can never completely control the value and distribution of power, even when we make it ourselves," said Alcan vice-president McNeely DuBose. "Electricity is too much of a public necessity for anyone to control. We can't stand in the way of Canadian expansion and drive other industries away from our areas with a big stick. We'd be more unpopular than the Communists if we tried."

The fundamental explanation for aluminum's sixty-five-year frontier retreat is that after aluminum has done the spadework all other industries that come along afterward and use aluminum's power to better advantage. Aluminum smelting requires more than twice as much electricity per dollar of product as is required for the production of chemicals such as chlorine and caustic soda; the power required for the production of one ton of aluminum will make eighteen tons of newsprint. There are now four big pulp and newsprint producers, in addition to a host of smaller manufacturing companies, using Alcan power in the Saguenay Valley. Once taken on, these industries have to be supplied. When low water curtailed Shipshaw's power output in October, three Arvida aluminum potlines had to be closed down to release power for Alcan's other customers.

Since 1949 the demand for Alcan's aluminum has been greater than the supply. And it was obvious by then that Arvida too will someday be choked off by the economic pressures that have always dogged aluminum's trail. Alcan engineers had studied potential power sites in Norway, South Africa, New Zealand, Borneo, Labrador and British Columbia. In January this year Alcan president Powell, the onetime pots-and-pans salesman, told a Washington subcommittee investigating the aluminum situation: "We have considered the availability of hydro-electric power in all parts of the free world and have selected the Nechako-Kitimat site as the most economical large power site to be found anywhere." In April Alcan and the B. C. Government announced definitely that the deal was on. Alcan has agreed to pay British Columbia about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year for water-power rights and rental for land flooded, in addition to all regular land, income and corporation taxes.

At that time there wasn't a road, rail line, airport or seaport in the whole area. Now cat-jockeys sitting at the controls of their smoke-spurting bulldozers for sometimes eighteen and twenty hours a day (overtime pay gives them one hundred and thirty dollars a week) are uprooting hundred-foot trees like toothpicks and pushing roads through at a mile a day. Dynamite crews are chewing out mountain tunnels at one hundred feet per day, the heavy yellow smoke of their blasting pouring like pea soup out of the tunnel mouths and down the cliff faces to the valleys below. At Kemano, the powerhouse site, cats are leveling trees one day, portable sawmills are sawing them into lumber the next, and carpenters are slapping it into new camp buildings on the third.

Helicopters buzzing around like dragon flies are the main transportation for men and supplies. Some of the camps can be reached no other way. Survey crews have been dropped off where there was nothing but a ledge six feet wide on which a helicopter could land. For one survey camp there wasn't even a pinnacle on the mountainside big enough to accommodate a helicopter. A mountain climbing crew went ahead and built a shelf of four-inch poles. When the copter sat down on it its tail protruded out over an abyss hundreds of feet deep.

A New Trail Is Blazed

Alcan expects to have a first stage completed and be producing aluminum by 1954. The entire project may not be finished until 1960. Out of it all B. C. will get two new seaports (Kemano and Kitimat), a new city (Kitimat), a hydro-electric output double its present capacity, and the opening up of an isolated section with such tremendous power potentialities that it could become a leading industrial area.

Only the aluminum industry with its vast power requirements and its need to concentrate an integrated power, smelting and seaport development in one area has the capacity to tackle an undertaking of this magnitude in one stroke. No other industry has production units large enough to warrant development of a million-horsepower hydro project in a frontier no-man's land where even the towns must be carved out of forest and workers moved in by the thousand before production can begin. In the normal way development of such a remote area would take decades of slow expansion and nibbling at the edges of smaller industries. Aluminum does it all at once, then the trail is blazed for other industries to follow.

And what about aluminum's historic frontier retreat? Alcan has no delusions now about keeping its power to itself. Already, with the foundations of Kitimat barely laid, other industries are eyeing the cheap power of Kemano's yet unbuilt underground powerhouse. Powell River Pulp and Paper is investigating the possibility of establishing a pulp and newsprint mill there. Alcan's Vancouver office has received numerous enquiries from smaller industries. Says vice-president DuBose: "It wouldn't surprise me if someday British Columbia will be so filled with people and its power requirements so great the aluminum industry will not be able to continue there either." ★

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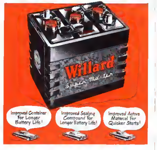
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WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY CO. OF CANADA LTD., TORONTO, ONTARIO

The Gift She's Sure to Sniff At

Continued from page 23

continues to complain it may give him pause to learn that men wore perfume long before women did. Alexander the Great of Macedonia, the story goes, soaked his tunics in it and had perfume sprinkled on his floors. Napoleon sloshed cologne over his neck and shoulders.

Perfume, taken from the Latin *per fumum* ("through smoke"), was first used in Arabian incense. It became one of the chief articles of commerce between Persia and Egypt and the Bible contains many mentions of it. Perfume was even mixed with mortar to build a mosque in Jerusalem and the building gives off a scent on hot days.

At what stage of history women began using perfume is not clear but Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, who ruled during the fourteenth century, is credited with discovering alcoholic perfumes and by their use—so the legend goes—remained so ravishing the King of Poland wanted to marry her when she was seventy-two. This achievement would be impossible to parallel today because there is no longer a King of Poland. In the time of Josephine Bonaparte perfume vendors were the most exotic creatures in the land, wandering the cities and towns in gorgeous carriages and addressing the populace in fanciful language. When they became obnoxious their heads were removed. This brings us to modern perfume advertising.

The effect of modern perfume advertising is to persuade women that perfume is little removed from love. The ad for Tabu, made by Dana Perfumes, picturing a young woman pianist being bent backward in a passionate embrace by a man who brandishes a violin and apparently could stand the pressure no longer, is now famous. This perfume was known as "the forbidden fragrance" and women were requested not to wear it if they couldn't meet its challenge—presumably a galaxy of amorous violinists.

Names of perfumes and kindred cosmetics go along with the gag. Among those recently put on the market are Adults Only, Outrageous, Sorcery, Hysterical, Deceit and Sinister. There is also Black Blaze, Blackmate, Black Jade, Black Rose, Black Ruby, Black Satin, Black Out, Black Sunlight and, of course, Black Velvet. Nuclear fission has brought us Atom, Atom Bomb, Atomic, Atomirage and Atomik.

The idea that perfume will cause the male to quiver dates back into antiquity. In England in the seventeenth century a woman who used perfume while landing a husband was presumed to have used witchcraft and her marriage was dissolved by burning her at the stake. Anthropologists believe this has something to do with the female of the species in the animal world having a distinctive odor. In modern civilization the ultimate refinement is to have no odor at all and perfume possibly fills the gap left by soap.

The current trend in perfume advertising is more subtle. "Someone lovely has just passed by! That's what they'll say about you when you wear ——," reads one blurb. "So rare . . . so unprecedented, a new language would have to be created to describe the beauty of its fragrance," gurgles another struggling along with the existing language.

There is little likelihood that pouring a jigger of perfume over a woman's head will cause the men in her vicinity to become brutes, nor is it probable that the use of perfume will cause her to resemble Ava Gardner. Women know this and so do the manufacturers and the advertising largely takes the form of a game of make-believe. Perfume is intended as an accessory, like gloves, which a woman puts on to complete an ensemble. Once a woman gets into the habit of wearing perfume it is said she will feel undressed without it.

Men who mix perfumes are called noses and they work either for a perfume house or for a firm supplying essential oils to perfume houses. One big essential-oil supplier has eight perfumers working all the time on perfume mixtures. Their art is considered equal to that of a symphony composer and their dreamy sniffing is quite apart from the commercial maelstrom just below.

How Does Silver Smell?

Most perfumes contain fifty or sixty ingredients but they can contain up to three hundred; the perfumer has a battery of two thousand from which to choose. While he experiments with oils and chemicals suspended in alcohol he continually tests the product by taking a bit on a piece of blotting paper wherever he goes. He smells it by the seashore and on a moonlight night; he sniffs to make certain it is unaffected by a warm room or a chilly rain. At a theatre intermission he is the man in the foyer sniffing a blotter and shaking his head disconsolately.

Developing a sense of smell requires the same concentration and practice that a blind man gives to developing his sense of hearing. Perfumers start off by smelling everything they see, working up through being able to identify each piece of furniture in the room to being able to distinguish between chemical compounds that are first cousins. The president of a big perfume house industriously developed his sense of smell this way and still can recall the horrified expression on the face of his dinner hostess when he absent-mindedly picked up the silver and sniffed it. She was mollified when he was able to tell her what brand of soap the silver was washed with.

Queen Elizabeth of England had her own perfume still and used to mix her own fragrances. As recently as fifty years ago women could buy perfume ingredients at a drugstore and prepare their own. A simple recipe for lilac perfume, published in 1877, reads: Extract of tuberose, extract of cassie, extract of orange flower, tincture of orris, tincture of civet and rose water. Lilac isn't included in the ingredients because its perfume fades.

To illustrate how complicated the perfumer's art has become, the following is an elementary formula for lilac perfume published in 1947: Phenylacetaldehyde, amylcinnamaldehyde, hydroxycitronellal, anisaldehyde, heliotropin, Peru balsam, terpineol, linalool, phenylethyl alcohol, anisyl alcohol, dimethylbenzylcarbinol, eugenol, cinnamyl alcohol, benzyl acetate, phenyl ethyl acetate, phenylacetaldehyde dimethylacetal, methylquinoline, skatole, jasmin absolute. God bless you. ★

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Ottawa's Beautiful Backyard

Continued from page 17

backwoods settlements marriage is often merely a matter of tacit agreement. Sometimes a parish priest, if he hears of it, will do his best to see that the situation is eventually "regularized." But this may be a matter of months or even years. The *fait accompli* of a child born out of wedlock causes scarcely the lift of an eyebrow.

Among these people the customs and superstitions of their forefathers die hard. The Canadian backwoodsmen and half-breed squatters still rock their children to sleep with tales of the *loup-garou*, the werewolf of the north woods, and threaten them, if disobedient or quarrelsome, with a visit from the Windigo, the old witch of the woods who assumes human form and seeks the blood of her victims when the moon is full. And among the shanty Irish the old men still spin blood-curdling tales of will-o-the-wisps and corpse candles, of bog ghosts and banshees.

Born almost with rifle in hand it is not surprising that some of these wilderness people attempt to settle differences by the most direct means within reach. For many years near Gracefield, a riverside village fifty miles north of Ottawa, two brothers used to set aside part of the Sabbath for the attempted settlement of an old boundary dispute. After returning from church each Sunday they would oil up their guns and blaze away at each other across the fields. Legend is that eventually they both gave up and died comfortably in their beds. Just last spring, back in Pontiac County, a discarded suitor took a couple of pot shots at the former object of his affections and the man of her choice—on their wedding day! He, too, came wide of his mark.

Hermits and faith healers bob up in almost every village. It is commonplace to come across some old shack in the woods occupied by a long-haired, taciturn squatter who somehow manages to live on what he can beg or borrow and who just wants to be left to himself.

Because there has always been a shortage of doctors in the bush every old crone has her particular panacea of herbs and charms guaranteed to cure everything from croup to summer complaint. The faith healers who practice their trade by the laying on of hands, the use of "holy" oil and prayers and incantations of their own devising sometimes attract quite a following. One of them is Willie McCaffrey, of Farrelton, thirty miles north of the capital, who is in his eightieth year and whose backyard is filled every Sunday with the cars of people who have come from all over the district to seek his assistance. McCaffrey, whose mother was one of the best known midwives in the district and who himself once practiced as a butcher and amateur cattle doctor, has been hauled into court on a number of occasions by the Quebec Medical Association. But many people have a good deal of faith in the efficacy of his treatments and he appears to have the tacit blessing of the parish priest who has appeared in court on his behalf and testified as to his good intentions.

Few people know the hill folk better than the country doctors who serve them. Typical of these is Dr. Harold Geggie, of Wakefield, who after forty years service is soon to see his greatest dream come true: the establishment of a small hospital in Wakefield, a tiny village which straggles along the railway tracks at the edge of the river about twenty-five miles from the capital. It will be staffed by two of his three physician sons. Every week, winter and summer, Dr. Geggie makes a fifty-mile trip through his district. His son Hans makes a similar round of calls in an opposite direction.

The people of the valley set great store by their doctors who often as not become part of the local legend. For instance there was old Dr. Jim Pritchard, of Alcove, a few miles north of Wakefield, a man of Falstaffian proportions. Old timers will still point proudly to their front gates and declare with a reminiscent chuckle: "Old Doc Pritchard couldn't ever get through that gate. He had to come around by the cattle gate."

In this setting the summer vacationers and sportsmen provide a lively contrast. The heart of the big game country centres about the town of Maniwaki. From this point the hunters strike into the primeval bush. It is estimated that about four hundred moose alone are taken out of the great Mont Laurier-Senneterre game reserve every fall.

During the height of the tourist season the streets of Maniwaki are jammed with American and Canadian cars. Contrasting strangely with the birch bark canoes of the trappers and guides are the colorful assortment of amphibian aircraft which drop down for anchorage on the little lake just outside the town.

Here you will find such widely divergent characters as Doug Pickering, veteran bush pilot and operations manager for Laurentian Air Services; Edward Link, builder of the Link trainer, who has probably just flown in in his own plane from his home in

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Binghamton N.Y., his sister Marilyn, one of the few women in the district who boast a pilot's license, Willie Commando, Algonquin guide par excellence, and Dan McFaul, provincial game warden whose territory consists of a thousand square miles of virgin bush.

The most picturesque feature of Maniwaki are the Algonquin Indians from the nearby one-hundred-and-fifty square mile reservation established almost a century ago. Many of the men make all the way from ten dollars to twenty dollars a day guiding, while the squaws come into town every day or so to hawk their beaded moccasins, grass baskets and other oddments from every street corner.

Stomping to the Fiddlers

Occasionally roving bands of Tête-de-boule Indians, believed to be the lineal descendants of Iroquois war parties which once swept down the Ottawa and decimated the peaceful Algonquin tribes, visit Maniwaki from their trapping and hunting grounds far to the north. They also offer their wares to the tourists but are studiously cold-shouldered by the Algonquins. The old fires of hate and resentment still smolder.

When the last of the tourists have departed the valley settles down to its regular winter routine. Then it can be seen at its best. Now it is that the young men from the farms and the villages leave for the bush. There is a round of parties and dances to see them on their way. The old folks join in the fine old Canadien songs A La Claire Fontaine, En Roulant ma Boule, Sur le Pont d'Avignon. The young men try to outdo each other with exhibitions of jigging, and far into the morning the squeaking of fiddles and the stomping of feet drift off into the darkness as everyone joins in the excitement of the square dance.

Then it becomes in fact the country of William Henry Drummond — the country of the Habitant and Leetle Bateese, of Johnnie Courteau and the Curé of Calumette. And if a good Scot or Irishman happens to show up the fiddler will oblige personally with a good Scotch reel or an Irish jig.

The commercial life of the valley has always centred about the logging industry which really began around 1800 when Philemon Wright, later to become known as King of the Gatineau, began working timber limits in the Maniwaki area. Last year five million pulpwood logs and a million logs of pine were floated down the Gatineau.

What? They Got Sheets?

Old time loggers grunt disparagingly about the modern river driver. In the old days a dollar a day was good pay along the river and the old time camp caboose was a shack with an open fire in the centre of a pile of sand shored up with logs. The men slept in double and triple-decker muzzle loading bunks, ate salt pork and beans and whatever fish and game they could pick up, and went into camp for the winter and stayed there until the spring *débâcle*.

Today the men get an average of seven dollars a day, the company gives them real iron beds, mattresses, sheets and pillowcases. They get all the fresh meat they can eat, all the pies and cakes and bacon and sausages they can handle. Still the life of a logger is no job for a weakling. It takes men with broad shoulders and bulging biceps, clear eyes and the agility of a cat.

If you want to see the Gatineau logger at his roughest and toughest then you must pay a visit to Maniwaki during the Christmas and New Year's season. When about a thousand bushwhacker lumbermen hit town, their jeans bulging with folding money, local authorities send out a rush call for additional provincial police officers. Seldom, however, does the presence of these reinforcements dampen the spirits of the celebrating shantymen.

They will start a fight at the drop of a hat, whether the argument concerns the good name of their intended, their prowess as bushmen or some fancied insult or challenge implicit in another logger's sneering glance. They are loudest and rowdiest when they've been freely indulging in *whisky blanc* which is virtually pure alcohol, or when they've been drinking cheap red wine well fortified with *alcool*.

Conductor George Barker, of Ottawa, who has worked the freights and passenger trains on the one-track line of the CPR which makes no fewer than thirty-eight scheduled stops between Ottawa and Maniwaki and does the eighty mile trip in about three and a half hours, has been handling boisterous rivermen for the past forty years. Many a time he has had to stop the train while the crew took time off to subdue a particularly rambunctious gang of loggers.

"Things used to get broken up," he will tell you. "Why, only three or four years ago things got so bad for a while we had to put on our own railway police. After a while when the boys found out that all the tough scrappers didn't come from along the river they quieted down."

They Talk About Lannigan

But the Gatineau bullyboy can be as docile as a lamb when he chooses, and when he's feeling at peace with the world he usually wants to sing. For some years now he has been forsaking the old *chansons* in favor of mountain music and western cowboy songs. Thus on the train it is not unusual to come across a little group of rivermen gathered about a dreamy-eyed guitar player, drooling honeyed words of Rocking Alone. What gives added piquancy to the performance is that although many of the singers don't speak English they have learned the English words of the songs. To listen to these getting around the words of On Top of Old Smoky, or She Wore a Yellow Ribbon, their rendition heavily accented with rich patois, is an experience not quickly to be forgotten.

Unlike the Ottawa, the Gatineau River boasts no outstanding legendary figure of the stature of the famous Joe Mofere from Montreal who was the bully of the Ottawa. But they still talk about the prowess of men like the Lannigan brothers of Bouchette who were remarkable for their feats of strength twenty or thirty years ago.

Jack Lannigan, who died only a few years back, was famous for having wrestled a black bear and strangled it to death with his bare hands. Another time Lannigan disarmed a dangerous Indian named Wabi who had served time for killing a man with an axe and who had run amuck in a lumber camp. With a load of liquor under his belt Wabi strode about the bunkhouse brandishing his axe and warning the men that it was again thirsting for blood.

Lannigan, who liked his sleep, finally jumped from his bunk, wrenched the weapon from the Indian's hand, broke the hickory handle over his knees and then advised the suddenly sobered Indian to get back to bed. This mild and fatherly suggestion Wabi very sensibly accepted and another legend was born among the rolling hills of the Gatineau. ★

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There's Always a Party At the Grahams'

Continued from page 11

there three weeks before meeting their hosts, who were in Banff. The Graham house is one of the biggest in town and it was another two days after he returned that Graham first ran into his guests.

On another occasion the Grahams noticed a sailor was having breakfast with them. Mrs. Graham dimly remembered he'd been a house guest during the war when several enlisted men had stayed with them. "How did you get in?" she asked cheerfully. "Oh," said the sailor, "I still have my key."

Most worthy causes such as the Cancer Fund, Red Cross and Community Chest benefit from Graham parties. The largest beneficiary is the Vancouver Symphony Society in which Mrs. Graham, who studied piano in her youth, takes a lively interest. There are about six parties a year for the symphony at the Grahams'. One garden party raised sixteen thousand dollars for the organization. At Christmas there is a special party for orchestra members and their wives and children. Graham dresses as Santa Claus and hands out presents around the tree. Similarly, the Grahams don't neglect Community Chest canvassers but hold special parties for them. "It keeps up morale," says Mrs. Graham.

The Grahams loan their home every year to the Vancouver Art Gallery to boost the sale of Canadian paintings. For days the staff moves all the furniture from hall, living and dining rooms and takes down all the pictures. People tend to buy more paintings when they see them hanging on the Grahams' forest green walls than they do in the more austere gallery building.

A Splash For Whaletown

The Grahams have had as many as six parties a week and two parties a day. One summer afternoon they entertained six hundred yachtsmen in town for the Pacific Coast northwest regatta. The same evening they were hosts to three hundred and fifty musicians, home owners and newspapermen laying plans for Symphony Day At The Races. As the yachtsmen left, the new guests arrived to find Mrs. Graham herself in a handsome dirndl skirt energetically sweeping the refuse from the recreation room.

The Grahams' circle of acquaintances is wide and catholic. They limit themselves to no social set and boast that they make new friends at every party. At the symphony garden party to raise funds two prominent Vancouver bookmakers agreed to run the gambling devices. Mrs. Graham, who never forgets a face, still continues to greet them when she sees them about town. To their embarrassment the most recent greeting took place in a parking lot when the duo were being questioned by police.

Recently the Grahams opened their house to the wives of Korean Brigade soldiers who wanted a place to get together. The women suggested a box lunch but Mrs. Graham turned down the idea and supplied everything. "Just forget your worries and have a good time," she told them. On another occasion they gave a splash party for a group of children from Whaletown, B.C., on their first visit to a big city. The children were unaccustomed to such hospitality and when a maid came around with a tray of ice-cream bars one six year old promptly took one and handed her a dime.

People sometimes troop through the Graham home at the rate of a thousand a week and the Grahams can't be expected to know them all. At one money raising party, to which the public bought tickets, two inebriated guests arrived and introduced themselves like long-lost acquaintances. "We're friends of George and Mabel," they babbled. George and Mabel, the Grahams finally realized, were two of the servants.

Nor do all the guests know the Grahams. One man arrived at a party and shook hands earnestly with a dignified man in black coat and striped trousers who met him at the door. It was Levitt, the butler. "The party is downstairs, sir," he said in his icy English accent.

Another time Graham spotted a little man furtively hovering on the edge of the crowd, a brown paper parcel under one arm. "Is he in your gang?" said Graham, turning to a newspaperman. He wasn't. He turned out later to be the caterer who had arrived late, bewildered and lost.

The Grahams can't help overhearing some of the whispered remarks made by the people who crowd their home. They aren't always complimentary. "Imagine having six rugs in the sun room!" one guest said in a stage whisper. A visiting architect referred to the place as "the worst abortion I've ever seen." Actually the big rambling house is a fairly happy mating of English Tudor and Pacific Coast contemporary. The Grahams couldn't care less what people say about it. "It's lovely and we enjoy it," says Mrs. G.

They bought the original Tudor home for thirty five thousand dollars in 1946 because they were tired of living in a rented house without a view. They originally came to Vancouver in 1940 from Montreal after their marriage (both were married once before and both had children of their own). In 1940 they planned to build a hundred and fifty thousand dollar home with seventeen bedrooms and ten bathrooms on Marine Drive overlooking the Fraser River. The war, and some unfavorable remarks in the House of Commons by Angus MacInnis, CCF member for Vancouver East, put a stop to that. "We just crawled right into our shells," says Graham candidly.

After the war he planned to spend perhaps a hundred thousand dollars on an addition to the Tudor home, which commands an unparalleled view of the Fraser delta, Strait of Georgia and North Shore mountains. Before it was over it had cost him close to half a million dollars. "Pretty soon we just got numbed by the expense," says Graham, "compared to me that fellow Blandings got off easy."

The house was transformed into a three-winged structure with twelve bedrooms, sunroom, drawing room, living room, playroom, dining room, breakfast room, butler's pantry, kitchen and staff dining room. On the lower floor there's a recreation room, men's room and women's powder room with signs-of-the-zodiac wallpaper, swimming pool and dressing rooms, bar and barbecue.

"I don't like big houses as such but there isn't a room that isn't used," Graham points out. "It's the last act of insanity for a man to splurge on a big house. He usually does and goes broke. Why, I've overheard people in my own house wondering how long I'll last."

The lower floor of the house has a hotel-like aspect with its serving kitchen, its paneled dressing rooms with the signs HEALTH REGULATIONS DEMAND THAT EVERYONE USE SHOWERS BEFORE ENTERING POOL, its life preservers

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flanking the long pool, and its racks of bathing trunks and drawers of towels. The Grahams have equipment to feed and entertain six hundred guests. There are six hundred plates six hundred cups six hundred pieces of cutlery and so on Breakage is high and crockery is ordered by the gross

Next to the swimming pool and above it, just off the sunroom are two huge solariums under the management of C H Lutley estate manager and his staff of four gardeners. The solariums are hot with tropical plants —azaleas, gardenias, bird of paradise hibiscus and avocado—from Mexico Brazil Hawaii and the West Indies They are ripped up and replaced five times a year to provide variety and constant bloom A stream runs through a rockery in the lower solarium which costs between two and three thousand dollars a year to maintain The light is filtered in through fifteen thousand dollars worth of pink plastic glass which exactly matches the shocking pink stucco of the house

Graham likes to show visitors through the solarium "People enjoy this y know," he'll say with a wave of his head "They have a lot of fun wandering through here. And if it's here, why not use it?"

The eight-foot-deep swimming pool which costs him six thousand dollars a year to heat has plenty of use Every Monday five hundred children from neighboring University Hill school splash about in it The UBC swimming team trains there Guests at Graham parties are invited to swim and people are always phoning up to ask for the use of it. Our UBC student who hurt his back and must swim regularly as therapy uses it nightly Graham himself starts each morning with a plunge.

The exterior of the Graham home matches the interior Golden and silver Chinese pheasants, budgies lovebirds and canaries flit about in aviaries Fish swim in a large pool at the front door There are eight thousand tulips planted on the point of land overlooking the sea There are beds of flowers each with a thousand plants in it. When Graham bought the property it was threatening to erode into the sea Thirty-five men worked for several months timbering it up.

Once a month a professional ratter visits the grounds with a .22 rifle to pop off rodents who might molest the birds Nightly a uniformed commissionaire makes his rounds to fend off burglars He was hired after the Graham home had been robbed three times. The burglars had no trouble getting in "We have more doors than we can count and we never knew which were locked," Ronald Graham explains. He and his wife are proud that nothing has gone missing during any of the big public parties

So Johnny Rolls Seven Naturals

The Grahams are accomplished hosts. Both of them stay to the end of every party Sometimes when Ronald Graham gets tired he goes upstairs to his room, puts some classical records on the player and with his little dachshund Pepper at his feet, has his back massaged Thus freshened he returns to the festivities below Mrs Graham, who likes to eat yoghurt and other health foods, spends a good deal of time in a steam bath and on the massage table and lying flat on the hard plank recommended by Gayelord Hauser for looking younger and living longer She and her husband often seem to be the freshest-looking people at a party.

In the receiving line the Grahams seldom stumble on a name and seldom forget a face Graham's low chuckle and his wife's hearty infectious laugh rise over the buzz of conversation Mrs Graham looks every visitor straight in the eye "When she greets you, you feel she's giving the party just for you" an old acquaintance says "And when she talks to you you feel that you're the only person in the room that counts.

At sixty-seven, Ronald Graham is lighter on his feet than most twenty year-olds and women consider him one of the best dancers in town

Although most parties end at a reasonable hour (Graham clears his home simply by closing the bar) some are exacting enough to test the endurance of any host. A recent party for newspapermen went on until 4 a m and at one point the waters of the pool were graced by the presence of two fully clothed reporters Around midnight Mrs. Graham found a gang rolling dice in one of the upstairs bedrooms They persuaded her to stay and learn the game and in a clinging green satin gown she got down on her knees to oblige Some four hours later she had paid out fifty dollars in IOUs. Her stepson Johnny redeemed them by rolling seven straight naturals.

Her clothes are as lively as her personality She likes vivid colors and has a fondness for gay slacks, Mexican huaraches flowered gypsylike skirts, and Hawaiian prints Because her weight varies as much as thirty pounds she has two of everything in her wardrobe—for thin and fat days Like most women she loves a good bargain She gets her shoes at Raff's a little store in Seattle where you can get twenty-five dollar shoes for as little as five dollars She likes to haunt auction sales in an old trench coat and slouch hat.

Both she and her husband know the value of money and both like to spend it because in the beginning neither of them had much Mrs Graham's father was the first man to sell Fuller Brushes in Canada Ronald Graham's father was a not too successful banker

Young Ronnie started out as a law clerk in his native Burlington Ont., making a dollar fifty a week four dollar of which went for carfare A year later he became a bank clerk for three dollars a week He was twelve years in the bank and rose to a key position in Toronto at fifteen hundred dollars a year He decided there was no future in banking for him "I mean, you could never see the damn thing" he explains

He went into the investment business and in two years at thirty one was able to branch out on his own He soon saw there wasn't much money in this either "You'll never get rich watching the ticker tape" he says. He sold his seat on the stock exchange and decided to make one or two good investments.

Graham has always believed in basic commodities such as milk sugar and newsprint three investments which have helped make him wealthy With a partner Percy Gardiner he raised enough money to buy fifty-one percent of the Toronto City Dairy Co When they finally sold out they had realized a profit of more than a million dollars.

He later decided to put his money into sugar a commodity virtually unaffected by the depression He bought heavily into the Atlantic Sugar Company (later Acadia Atlantic) along with his partner Gardiner Although the company had been under a cloud because of a large deficit Graham realized it was a sound proposition He got the shares cheaply and in the end he and Gardiner owned it outright It earned them an average of a million dollars a year throughout the gloomy thirties Last year, when Graham sold his interest, it earned a million and a quarter

He has a one tenth interest in the Calgary Albertan and two Alberta radio stations, a one-quarter interest in the Victoria Times and the Colonist and a stake in the Calvan Oil Co promoted by young Max Bell of Calgary Recently he realized a handsome profit, reckoned at close to a million, by selling his shares of Abitibi Pulp and Paper Another interest is Canadian Collieries the coal mining firm founded by Vancouver Island's castle building Dunsmuir family

Though technically retired Graham, rose in buttonhole gets to his office each day around 10 a m and usually stays until 5 p m He's seldom too busy to take time off for eighteen holes of golf. His race horse Mafosta, the pride of his stables (now at stud in California) earned him a hundred and ninety thousand dollars Pictures and effigies of Mafosta are prominent in his office and his home His stables cost him a hundred thousand dollars a year

The Grahams follow the races to California each year but at Christmas time they spend six weeks at Banff with their children A widower, Graham had nine children of his own when he married Helen Bailey, who had four by a previous marriage (one was later killed in an accident) They have one child by their marriage young David Many of the Graham and Bailey children are married now and have homes of their own and today there are thirteen grandchildren

Originally the Grahams planned their home at Banff as a hideaway for just the two of them It was to cost eight thousand dollars. "Then" Mrs. Graham says, "it seemed unfair not to include the children The house seemed to grow until only the size of the lot stopped it It cost well over fifty thousand dollars "It's just a higgledy piggledy sort of place" Mrs Graham says "We had no architect We tore down two shacks put on a roof dug a basement and didn't care where the windows landed"

The house can sleep twenty-five people "We went giddy with color" she says Most of the rooms have a Chinese motif One bedroom is done in gold, with the mirror silvered in gold drapes in dull gold bed of golden oak with a gold bedspread and a gold bureau The dining room has a jet black sideboard, cherry red chairs, white tables and black and white walls and ceiling There's a fireplace and coffee table of black Italian marble a mirror twelve feet high by twelve feet long and a bar done in Chinese vivid orange lacquer "Freshest house you ever sat in" says Ronald Graham.

Like their Vancouver home the Banff house is often in use when the owners are away Once a doctor friend of Graham's went to a medical convention in Banff and couldn't get a hotel room Graham heard about it and offered him the key to the house The doctor brought along another doctor who also couldn't get a room and he brought another and so on until the party grew to sixteen

This didn't faze Mr and Mrs. Ronald Graham in the least They helped out by sending along their cook butler and maid Then they got on with the business of planning more parties in Vancouver ★

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Royal Bank Money Orders make a hit with friends and relatives because they can cash them and buy gifts to suit themselves. You avoid the rush and bustle of shopping.

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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

The Shepherd and the Dictator

Continued from page 19

storekeeper cutting a five-pound chunk of aromatic goat cheese.

"Tonio?" said Pasquale sadly. "Ah, he is dead. I do not know the cause. Old age, perhaps. When I awoke he was dead and the look on his face was not of pain."

The storekeeper looked interested and sympathetic. "A sad piece of news. And you are all alone. Can you watch the flock by yourself?"

"I have my two dogs."

The storekeeper nodded and smiled approvingly. "I will admit to you those are two fine dogs."

And as simply as that, Pasquale, with no protest from anybody, inherited his place as the owner of the sheep. The priest climbed up, gasping in the thin cold air, and performed the proper rituals over the dead shepherd, then gladly climbed down again to where a man could breathe easily.

In short, that was the history of Pasquale.

Pasquale was sitting now on his favorite patch of moss on a cold stone, located near the edge of the cliff that fell down a thousand feet to the slope. There was a wonderful view; he could see almost a hundred miles to a purplish haze on the horizon, but today he did not enjoy it.

Pasquale was thinking, and to think was not an easy thing. There was so little reason for thinking in his way of life. Painfully he contracted his brows into a golden line of hair and his ice-blue eyes reflected his bewilderment as he remembered. He had run out of salt and gone down to the town with a sheep. Instead of smiling at him and calling out in friendly voices, the people had walked by nervously, hurriedly, their eyes on the ground. The storekeeper had hastily taken the sheep into the back room.

"Do not talk of this," said the storekeeper nervously. "And take enough with you in cheese and salt and breadsticks to last as long as possible."

Pasquale stared at him. "Why? I come only every two months as it is."

The storekeeper started to answer, looked over his shoulder out the window, and paled. He pushed Pasquale. "Go," he said sharply. "Go at once." He pushed Pasquale, piling his bundles of food in his arms.

Pasquale had gone outside slowly. There was a man outside getting off a horse. Pasquale stared with interest. The man had a jovial fat face and wore a military looking suit with high polished boots to his knees. The man walked busily to a corner without seeing Pasquale, then turned it and disappeared.

Pasquale sat on the cliff, remembering that time. That was five months ago. His salt and breadsticks needed replenishing. Slowly he got up, selected another sheep, called a wordless message to his barking dogs and proceeded down the long, difficult trail.

When he got to town he noticed uneasily that there were no townspeople in the streets. There were placards posted up on posts dug into the ground, but Pasquale could not read. If he could, he would have known it was forbidden to be on the streets before and after certain hours.

Puzzled, he wandered over to the general store and looking through the shutters saw, instead of his old friend the storekeeper, another man behind the counter. This man wore a uniform.

Pasquale hesitated. Then he turned and trudged onward, thinking, as he led his sheep. The thoughts came slowly. What had happened to his friend? Perhaps he ... Then Pasquale stopped in astonishment. He had found his friend, the storekeeper.

Pasquale looked up at him as he slowly swung in the morning breeze, his neck twisted at an odd angle where the rope met itself in a knot. He had been hung. In public.

Pasquale was shocked. It can be truthfully said he was so shocked by the thing, completely beyond his experience, that he did not think much about it. His simple mind simply didn't function and animal reflexes took over.

He dropped the line holding the sheep and climbed the tree to cut down the dead man. Then he climbed down and said dully, "A man should be buried decently." Since he had no shovel Pasquale made a tomb of stones on the hard ground. Then he said, "Good-by, my good friend. I shall no longer come to this town. I shall not trade with the one who has taken your place."

Pasquale felt very sad and a bit frightened as he went, for the first time in his life, farther on down the slope. It was a long way, for half a day of walking, until the sheep lay down in bleating protest and Pasquale carried it slung around his neck, looking for a new town in which to trade.

After a while he came to another odd scene. There were ten wooden homes and eight of them were charred wrecks still smoldering. And from nearby trees hung two more bodies, swinging, with eyes staring horribly and tongues out.

Pasquale stared for a long time. Then he knocked petulantly on the door of the last home. From the inside came a shriek of fear. Pasquale opened the door and stepped inside. A man crouched protectingly over a woman and child and glared at Pasquale in fright. Such terrible fright that Pasquale, for the first time, began to be a little afraid.

He could not stand their fear and sought a way to ease it. As they stared at this strange figure, this huge man with ice-blue eyes and golden beard with a sheep slung around his neck, he said to them, "Do not be afraid. There is nothing to fear. Here. Take this sheep."

Pasquale slung the sheep from around his neck, put it on the ground before them. He was not used to scenes of terror. His life was the quiet of a sloping mountainside and sheep feeding and clouds fluffy white floating dreamily. A terror and a sorrow grew within him as he stared dumbly at the crouching, stricken trio. He forced a smile, tried to find words, then, suddenly, turned and fled. Back to his plateau, back to his sheep.

And in this moment, as he stumbled terror-stricken away, a legend was born. It was mothered by need and fathered by blind anguish. The legend grew like the wind, invisible and whispered, blowing warmly and secretly. It was an odd thing.

WHEN Pasquale was gone the man in the house, whose name was Victor Arribe, stared in uncomprehending amazement at the sheep which was bleating mournfully.

"Who was that?" asked his wife Marie in wonderment.

"I do not know," gaped Victor, staring through the door.

Their child, Rosita, whimpered, "Papa, was that Jesus?"

A light slowly dawned on Victor's haggard face. "No," he said. "Not Jesus. But surely one like him. A leader."

Marie put her hand on his arm. "The sheep," she said softly. "Food. Slaughter it and hide it quickly. Before the secret police come back."

Feverishly they went to work, slaughtering the animal swiftly and skinning it. They buried the entrails and skin and cut up the meat. They broiled the fatty meat and ate hungrily. When they were through Victor put on his ragged coat.

"I shall prepare," he said weeping. "We must leave here. We will live in the city. It is safer where there are greater numbers." With a miserable bundle of belongings dragging in the roadside dust the three of them made the long weary march to the city.

And all along the way, like a swollen growth seeding, they dropped spores that took root. To the man with the wagon who aided them part of the way Victor whispered, "I swear it, the door opened and a giant with a golden beard and hair and eyes of blue fire came in. Around his neck instead of a shawl he wore a sheep. He put it down and said in a voice like thunder, 'Be not afraid,' and then he disappeared." To those who scoffed Victor fiercely showed the meat of the sheep which was wrapped in burlap.

To the innkeeper Victor gave an extra for lodging, a piece of the sheep's meat, and when pressed as to where it came from Victor hissed, "... a golden giant with a beard and eyes of blue flame and he said, 'Fear not! I am with you. Watch for me.'" And indeed, as Victor Arribe searched his mind, that was what Pasquale had seemed to say.

And to all those who gave ear to the outpourings of Victor Arribe's passion and bitterness he raved, "... The golden giant. 'Fear not,' he said to me, his eyes blazing with anger at what they did to the town. 'We shall be revenged. I will come back and be your leader.'"

Again and again and again, spoken with a bitter need and longing, spoken with hope and prayer, until over a stretch of a hundred miles the legend took root and flourished like a miracle.

The city boy Juan Ortaliza listened in on Victor's miracle. He crouched on the outskirts of the huddled group listening to Victor. He absorbed it as one absorbs food, for he was a mere child of twelve and he needed a hero and a purpose. His arms were like sticks from hunger and his eyes brooded in darkened hollows. In a miserable shanty to the south of the city where the railroad tracks ran past the city dump he lived with his mother.

He listened with shining eyes, then ran to tell his mother. He found her lying in bed ill with spotted fever. She could hardly talk. "Mother," he wept. She moaned and tossed in delirium.

Then Juan remembered the delicacy shop in the heart of the city. Often he had peered into the window and seen the splendours of food in cans. Cans of milk and sausage and fish eggs. Madly he ran back to the city. When they caught Juan he was climbing through the shattered glass of the shop, his arms full of milk for his mother.

In the cellar rooms where such things are done they asked, "For whom are you stealing?" There was a black market and the secret police grew wealthy out of it and they wanted no competition.

Juan, thinking of his mother, said nothing. They beat him savagely and still he said nothing. Then they put an iron into the fire and heated it and Juan screamed with fright and said the first lie that came into his head. "The Golden Giant," he wailed. "He made me do it."

They tried to get Juan to tell where the golden giant was. Savagely they

Continued on page 51

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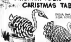

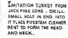

AROUND THE HOME

PLACEMARKERS TO BRIGHTEN YOUR CHRISTMAS TABLE

Tom Gard's Note Book

SWAN FROM AUSTRIAN PINE CONE CEMENTED ON DISC OF WOOD. BORE HOLE IN CONE FOR PIPE CLEANER NECK FOR HEAD. FASTEN TWO SCALES FROM ANOTHER CONE SHAPED TO A POINT..

IMITATION TURKEY FROM JACK PINE CONE. DRILL SMALL HOLE IN END. INTO IT PLACE PIPESTEM CLEANER BENT TO FORM THE HEAD AND NECK.

SPLIT CLOSED PINE CONE DOWN CENTRE WITH A COPING SAW. FASTEN TWO ENDS TOGETHER WITH CEMENT. ADD CLUSTER OF CONES OR ACORNS.

Sprays

FOR DOOR OR WINDOW

OF PINE OR SPRUCE BOUGHS FASTENED WITH FINE WIRE. LARGE PINE CONES (VARNISHED) ...AND SOME RED RIBBON

CANDLESTICKS FROM WOODEN BLOCKS

4" SQUARE SANDED SMOOTH. BORE HOLES SIZE OF CANDLES TO BE USED.

.....CHRISTMAS TABLE CENTRE

DRY OAK LEAVES, SPRIGS OF EVERGREEN, CONES AND NUTS, DISC OF WOOD FOR BASE. ALL CAN BE GIVEN A COAT OF VARNISH.

The Gards rely almost entirely on native material for Christmas decorations, other than lights and fancy tree ornaments.

Every year the whole family has a cone-hunting spree in the country. Occasionally we draw the ire of some "country cousin" but we usually try to secure them in well wooded areas that are little frequented. We journey forth again when it comes time to gather evergreen boughs for our wreaths and other decorative purposes.

Christmas Table Centre

The Christmas table centre we used last year is illustrated. What could be more typically Canadian than the pressed oak or maple leaves and the collection of cones? Some of the cones can be dipped in bright red and bright green paint to add color to the arrangement. This year we plan to include evergreens to replace the leaves. In case you are interested in making the candle stick holders, instructions are also given along with a couple of designs.

Cone Place Markers

To complete the slogan "It's made of an evergreen Christmas" the place markers are made from cones. Gather cones from the pine, larch and Jack pine when they are dry. Leave them in a sunny window or near the furnace overnight; warmth will open them. Two types of cone place markers have been used here. The whole family has a hand in making them. This adds to the interest and the anticipation for that day of days so quickly approaching. It is fun drawing on one's imagination to help make the cones look as realistic as possible. It is surprising how closely some do resemble different types of birds when they are carefully selected, placed and finished. All I hope is that you have as much fun in your house as we have in ours preparing for Christmas.

There are many other interesting little ideas like these in the booklet "AROUND THE HOME". Write for your copy to Tom Gard, c/o MOLSON'S (ONTARIO) LIMITED, P.O. Box 190, Adelaide St. Station, TORONTO

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Continued from page 49

tortured him. Until the pain too much to bear, his head lolling forward in dreadful stillness, Juan died, his lips sealed. Because he didn't know where the golden giant was. As he died he silently mouthed a prayer to the golden giant to come and help him.

INDIRECTLY Juan's prayer was answered. The legend grew. Fantastically it grew. Eight new spores were dropped into fertile soil. There were eight secret policemen present at the killing of Juan Orotobo.

Pedro Francesco, forty years old, was the brutal captain of the secret police. He walked out of the room cursing directly to the apartment of his mistress. There he drank wildly.

"Golden giants," he raved, stamping about the room. "We took such pains. We killed every man who might organize resistance. Every man with a brain. Why is it," he screamed at her, "a perfect control cannot be set up? Always there is something, something."

His mistress had never seen him in such a state. She gave him more liquor and soothed him until he snored drunkenly. Then the mistress told her other lover about the golden giant, and a few girl friends, and the headwaiter at the expensive restaurant where people gathered, and the headwaiter gave the information to an American reporter who transmitted a story to the world. GOLDEN GIANT LEADS UNDERGROUND, it said. Whereupon the American reporter was booted out of the country.

All from one spore, one seed. The seven other men who had been present at the killing of Juan Orotobo told their friends and like a weed the story spread and flourished and grew. And to all of this talk was added the substance of deed.

Men hearing of this new leadership took small courage and performed small acts of opposition and defiance. On the walls they chalked "Up the Golden Giant, Down Dictator Lichagon." They set upon the secret police at night and gave them swift beatings and the victims, to save face, told of large organized bands led by a giant with a golden beard.

Wherever a robbery occurred, wherever there was a heroic act, wherever there was an accident such as a fire in the new government munitions dump, who else could it be but the golden giant? And Juan Orotobo became a shining symbol. The twelve-year-old boy who died rather than tell of the location of the golden giant. Everywhere the people of least degree, the common people without brains to organize, took courage.

And Pasquale the shepherd, back on his moss-covered rock overlooking the vast stretch of one hundred miles to the horizon, thought in his simple way, "A dreadful thing. People hung and houses burned down. I shall stay here until the thieves are caught by the police."

Meanwhile the Dictator Lichagon, a man with a paunch held in by a special corset, was holding a meeting with his Director of Propaganda, his Director of Internal Security and his Chief of Military Guards. They were men with an unpleasant look on their faces and they looked even worse now with their Dictator angrily haranguing them.

"The American reporter you expelled," he snapped, "is broadcasting short wave to the people. He is doing more damage now than when he was here. I suggest you readmit him to the country." It was noted that the reporter would be readmitted.

"What is the status of the Golden Giant case?" asked Lichagon, his eyes icy cold.

The Director of Internal Security sighed. "He is a very fine organizer, I must admit. We have not been able to locate his headquarters. We have put our spies into the local Golden Giant cells that have formed but they report they are not trusted. The others say the Golden Giant will come and that is all they say."

The Director of Propaganda, a heavy short man with a bald head, spoke up. He pointed to a map on the wall with tiny flags pinned to it. "The yellow flags mark groups that have formed. About seventy-five. Very few. The black flags mark incidents. Acts against the regime." Dictator Lichagon looked at the map and paled. There were hundreds of black flags. They were like the pennants of an army marching. There was one white flag.

"What is the white flag?"

"It marks the first reported act of resistance coinciding with reports of the Golden Giant," said the Director of Internal Security significantly. "The records show it was the cutting down of a traitor we hung and his burial. Clearly an act of defiance."

Dictator Lichagon thought awhile. Then he said sharply, "We must liquidate this opposition. It is hampering the Plan. If we are to attack Rohagonia we must have internal security." He nodded curtly at them that they could go. But the three of them sat in their chairs and shifted uneasily. Lichagon glared at them.

The Director of Propaganda coughed and said in a soft voice, "We have had news. Our agents have reported Rohagonia is prepared to send arms and men over the border to assist in any uprising by the people."

There was a dreadful silence. Dictator Lichagon sat as if he were carved of stone. "The Golden Giant," he said lightly. "Gentlemen, I advise you to catch the Golden Giant."

The eyes of the Chief of Police twitched. The hands of the other two clenched. But the faces of all three were calm. They looked at Lichagon for a long, long moment. Then without a word they got up and walked out.

From then on all the resources of the regime were thrown into the dragnet. Rewards were posted. The number of spies was doubled. Barbers did a great business as every man in Rohagonia with a beard, regardless of its color, had it shaved. All Rohagonia became aware of the Giant with the Golden Beard and the nation waited tensely for something to happen as oppression increased. And the number of yellow flags on the map of the Director of Propaganda increased tremendously.

The American reporter came back to Rohagonia. He reported by cable to his newspaper: "Arms and men and organizers are trickling over the border. Some Golden Giant Clubs which have been raided by security police have had veritable arsenals hidden. The Golden Giant movement seems to be so carefully decentralized that it is almost impossible to smash by means of arresting any one group. It would be necessary at this stage of the game to arrest virtually the entire population. Battling the Golden Giant, Dictator Lichagon is discovering, is like fighting a ghost. He is reported everywhere simultaneously. He is extremely clever in his methods. He baffles the regime's spies by allowing his individual unit cells to create their own plans for governing local political subdivisions and waiting for the grand uprising before even attempting national political co-ordination."

MEANWHILE, Pasquale was getting extremely disgusted with the monotonous diet of sheep meat.

"What good is food unless there is bread and salt?" he inquired of his dogs, grumbling. His dogs barked happily, then drifted away to round up a scattering of the sheep.

Pasquale sat on his stone on the cliff and stared over the great distances. He remembered still the hanging of his friend the storekeeper and the burned-down houses and the frightened people in the lost house. Slowly a dim thought formed and shaped itself. To Pasquale, who had lived virtually alone in hermit existence, the thought was a social revolution and as blinding as creative genius.

"I will go to the city even though it is far away and I have never been there," he said aloud and firmly. "I will ask for the police and I will tell them it is a shame they allow such thieves and murderers to go uncaught."

Pasquale was delighted with himself. He scratched his beard and nodded and chuckled. The thought of the city intrigued him. His old friend Tonio had told him of it. A most marvelous place. "Ho," he shouted to his dogs, "I go far. Watch the sheep."

Then he stopped and a thought struck him. Aghast he said, "When I buried the storekeeper I forgot to make him a cross."

Immediately he set to work. He cut down two young trees and trimmed them straight. He set the shorter tree crosswise over the longer one and bound it firmly with strong weeds and vines. He lifted it with difficulty.

"Uh," he said. "It is heavy. A fine cross for the grave of my friend." And with that he slowly went down the trail waving good-by to his dogs.

THE American reporter was there and saw the whole thing from beginning to end. He had gone there because of a tip from his favorite headwaiter at the important restaurant that the mountain plateau was going to be examined by the soldiers as the most likely place for the Golden Giant to be hiding. The first incident against the regime, the cutting down of the storekeeper, had occurred there and the surrounding rough countryside was a natural place for a group to hide.

The American reporter saw the whole thing. It was the biggest scoop of his life. The soldiers were deployed and ready to move upward along the trail. It was early morning just before dawn. The sun's bright ray lifted over the edge of the mountain. The young lieutenant lifted his arm for the signal to advance. He stopped frozen into position, his mouth open wide, his eyes staring. And the people who had come to watch uttered a shout, amazed. All

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

[illegible] THE YEARS

(Christmas Tree)

Not silver trumpets, drums and sleds,
Do I remember now
But sparkling tree a candle sheds
Upon a fragrant bough.
Nor rocking horse nor jumping-
jacks,
Nor any gallant game—
But sweet hot scent of wick and wax
Which fed the crowned flame.

—Martha Banning Thomas

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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the soldiers stared too. The American reporter stared with them. He wrote that it was the most startling moment of his life.

Framed in the brilliant rays of light, wearily trudging down with patient humble mien, was a man with a golden beard and hair. He carried an enormous cross. It was like a messenger from heaven, a descent from the Mount. It had the elements of awe inherent in it.

The lieutenant gulped. The soldiers broke and ran shrieking with superstitious fright. The lieutenant turned and ran with them. As one man the crowd knelt.

Pasquale, seeing them, stopped. Hurriedly wondering what they were praying for up there in the cold, he knelt, but holding the cross upright.

"From there on," wrote the American reporter to his paper, "the most amazing series of events took place. The people fell in behind him and followed him. He went to a grave and put the cross over it.

"Then I stepped over to him and said, 'I represent the American public. Do you care to make a statement?'

"He looked at me for a long moment as if debating whether I could be trusted. The crowd leaned forward, holding their breath.

"'I am going to the city,' he said in as sweet and simple a voice as I've ever heard. 'We must punish the thieves and murderers. I have decided.'

"At that moment a roar went up from the listening crowd. They hoisted the man with the golden beard on their shoulders and went wild.

"They carried him to the city in the automobile I was riding in. We went at the speed of five miles an hour and with each village we passed more and more people fell in behind us. Word flashed ahead that the moment had come and in each town men broke out hidden arms, and took over the city according to the local plan of that unit. There was some fighting but not as much as might have been expected.

"When we got to the city, as might have been expected, the army had mobilized against our coming. When they saw the tremendous crush of people ahead and behind us they held their fire. The crowd would have torn them to pieces.

"Then this man with the golden beard and eyes of cold blue asked for the police station. It was a daring move that broke the nerve of the regime. Calmly, moving with dignity and a complete lack of fear, the man with the golden beard walked into the dreaded headquarters of the secret police.

"He found the place empty. The blusterers and the bullies, the men who were tough when they were torturing twelve-year-old Juan Orotoko, they were gone.

"When he came out, the crowd had gone absolutely wild. Word had come that Dictator Lachugon and his cabinet had fallen out, were at each other's throats. Then the news that Lachugon had been shot.

"The back of the regime is broken. The country is still in a chaos but is reforming rapidly. An election is being planned.

"And the finale of this amazing series of incidents is the most amazing of all.

"After two days of fighting had established the victory of the people's forces, with the man in the golden beard having nothing to do but listen to reports from runners sent by each city, he disappeared.

"When last seen he was in his room at the Madron Hotel where he had locked himself in to gain a little peace, having had no rest for seventy-two hours. When he didn't answer to knocks the door was broken down.

"On the floor was a mass of golden beard and hair. The man who had worn them was gone. His work was done. He wanted no glory or privileges. He went back to whatever humble life was his. They are searching for him but he seems to have vanished from the face of the earth.

"The dictatorship is gone and democracy rules Enhagena."

The American reporter sent off this dispatch to his newspaper, then he went down to his favorite bar to get a drink. He needed one badly.

"Scotch," he said wearily to the bartender. As he waited he felt the small scissors in his pocket. He took them out and grinned, remembering how Pasquale had looked when he had told him he'd have to cut off his beard.

"Dios," Pasquale had wailed. "Must I?"

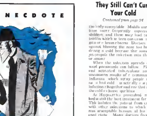
The reporter said gently, "If you wish to remain with these people and forget your sheep."

Pasquale put his hands to his head in bewilderment. "No, no. What is happening? They are all crazy with this talk of governments. I do not understand."

The reporter sighed now, in the bar, as he put the scissors away. It was a lucky thing he'd gotten to Pasquale first, before the others had seen the poor man's bewilderment and simple-mindedness. It had been very difficult keeping Pasquale quiet, answering for him until the rush of events took their natural forceful path. Pasquale had wept as the beard had been cut off.

"Here you are, sir," said the bartender. The American reporter grinned and lifted his glass. "To the people," he said. "When they need a leader they'll make one. Out of nothing sometimes." ★

CANADIANECDOTE



HOW McMICKEN FOILED THE FENIANS

THE Hon. Gilbert McMicken was a marked man. He had come to Canada from Scotland in 1832 and had risen rapidly to become stipendiary magistrate for the whole of western Canada. In this role he earned the hatred of the Fenians, many of whom felt the weight of his frontier justice.

So when in the Seventies he traveled west with a whole portfolio of jobs, including those of Agent of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Assistant Receiver General, Dominion Auditor and manager of the Dominion Government Savings Bank, he knew there was a price on his head. Also, his business made it necessary for him to carry a large sum of money.

McMicken had learned a trick or two in dealing with the Fenians. He bought a coffin, put his money in it, and dressed himself as chief mourner, even cropping his hair and mustache.

Very soon after he started out by boat from Windsor he saw a man he knew to be a member of a Fenian gang. They fell into conversation.

"How far are you going?" the man asked McMicken.

"Western Canada," he answered.

"What place?"

"Fort Garry."

The Fenian suddenly leaned forward and whispered, "Look, there's a man somewhere here named McMicken and he's getting off there too. He's carrying a sum of money. What do you say to joining us in knocking him off. We'll split."

"It's all right with me," said McMicken.

As soon as it got dark McMicken slipped off the lake boat at the next port with his coffin and got the law on to his would-be murderers.

The next day he resumed his journey and got through safely.

—Ella A. Whitmore

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CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

They Still Can't Cure Your Cold

Continued from page 24

the body susceptible. Middle ear infections occur frequently, especially in children, and these may lead to mastoiditis, which in turn can cause meningitis or a brain abscess. Doctors advise against blowing the nose too heartily during a cold because this sometimes jet-propels the infection into the sinus or sinuses.

When the infection spreads downward, pneumonia can follow. Pleurisy and activated tuberculosis are not uncommon results of a common cold. Influenza, which many people regard as a bad cold, is actually a separate infection altogether and one that shares the cold's known qualities.

As Hippocrates prescribed, rest in bed is still the best treatment for colds. This isolates the patient from contact with other infections to which he is now susceptible because of his weakened state. Many doctors frown on the sweat-it-out practitioners who fill themselves with hot grog and aspirin and pile on the blankets because such treatment lowers the body's resistance.

Other remedies such as warm goose grease taken internally and externally, brown sugar and coal oil, onion diets and the wearing of a live caterpillar in a pouch strung round the neck are considered more favorably. They won't cure the cold but they're harmless.

The common cold supports a one hundred million dollar cold cure industry every year and bears its share of a two hundred million dollar vitamin industry. In spite of the earnest efforts of the medical profession to establish the self-mortifying truth that there is as yet no proven cold cure or preventative, the progress of the doctors to this end is balked by the common cold's most frustrating faculty. It can cure itself within twenty-four hours.

One out of every two colds, untreated, gives its victim a plugged nose or a sore throat and then disappears in a few hours. If the would-be cold sufferer takes no treatment for his symptoms he is likely to forget the entire affair, but if he rushes out and purchases one of the cold cures which clog the market, he is forevermore convinced science has licked the cold bug. Cold sufferers like these cause the stunning statistics which amaze the public when a new cure is discovered. In many experiments now sugar pills are mixed with the cold treatment pill under study and researchers are chagrined to discover that the sugar pills are causing just as many cures as the remedy under trial.

The past few years have produced a fistful of so-called cold cures. In 1942 a doctor in California came up with a cure he had taken seven years to perfect—a derivative of the common carrot. It was tried on a hundred and fifty cold sufferers and a hundred and nine recovered. In 1940 England was excited about a short wave radio treatment which passed electricity through a patient's head for ten minutes and cured seven hundred out of one thousand colds overnight. In 1943 an American came up with a solution of triethylene glycol vapor, similar to antifreeze, which he claimed would smother cold germs to death. These picturesque treatments failed to stick in the public fancy like cold vaccine shots, vitamin pills and antihistamines—all of which are unsupported by medical authorities.

The vitamin pills, which were designed for people with inadequate diets, are most frequently taken by men and women who are a long way from any vitamin deficiency. The pills don't harm them naturally but they give them no more protection from the common cold than is already theirs through adequate diet. If you're low in vitamins, though, these pills will help you build up your resistance. Cold vaccines have been discarded by most doctors because it has been decided that many different types of virus cause colds. A vaccine which would protect against one type of virus would give no protection at all against its cousins, even if it could be introduced into the respiratory system, where the cold attacks, instead of into the blood stream which the wily cold virus ignores.

The runaway favorites in the cold cure field at the present time are the antihistamine agents developed twenty years ago to help people who suffer from allergy complaints like hay fever. Only two years ago a digest magazine announced that antihistamines had licked the common cold at last, and this much-quoted article was enough to get the bandwagon moving.

The Canadian Medical Association, the American Medical Association and the British Medical Association still have to be shown that the antihistamines cure colds. "There is no convincing evidence to justify a claim that any of the antihistaminic drugs is of value in preventing, aborting or curing the common cold," the Council on Pharmacy of the American Medical Association states. In spite of this, over-the-counter sales of antihistamines hit an estimated seventy-two million dollars last year in the U. S.

The antihistamine controversy has been the hottest dispute in medical circles in a decade. The issue is still in doubt. Manufacturers of the drugs claim that a condition called allergic rhinitis is present in some or all colds. This allergy breeds histamine in the tissues of the nose and throat. Anti-

BREAK-UP: *Dec. 20*

The love affair's over, we have quarreled
our last reproaches [illegible] and strong
And oh, I hated his insults and demands!
And oh, I [illegible]

But still I find some small consolation
in what you may correctly term our "rift,"
it is in this—thank heaven that we had it
before I gave her that expensive gift!

—Helen Harrington

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histamines combat it and thus relieve the running nose, flaming eyes and sneezing which are the symptoms of allergic rhinitis as well as of the cold. But the medical profession retorts that experiments have revealed no indication that the cold virus is in any way related to an allergy.

Some drug manufacturers claim further that if antihistamine is taken within twenty-four hours it may prevent a cold developing altogether. This theory supposes that the drug has a direct effect on the cold virus but most doctors doubt this and it is unsupported by medical evidence. On the other hand, the medical men haven't proved that the common cold has not an allergic factor or that the antihistamines have no influence on the cold virus itself.

Actually antihistamine manufacturers do not now claim that their product is a cold cure. Early ads hailed SENSATIONAL NEW DISCOVERY KILLS COLD IN HOURS! but this advertising is no longer permitted either in the U. S. or Canada. The Canadian Department of National Health and Welfare states flatly: "The drugs may relieve the side effects associated with the common cold but not cure the cold itself," and therefore manufacturers are allowed only to advertise that their product will check, relieve or stop cold *symptoms*.

The medical societies point out that antihistamines may often appear to cure a cold because many colds only last twenty-four hours anyway. And then there's the incalculable power of suggestion.

Doctors have recognized for centuries that an integral part of most cures is to convince the patient he is about to get better. For this reason people who have fastened their faith in curing colds on, say, corn flakes can sometimes cure themselves with corn flakes. One Toronto doctor advises his patients to come to him for a shot of penicillin whenever they feel a cold coming on, although he knows perfectly well that penicillin has no effect on the common cold. "It cures 'em," he tells his startled associates. "They feel they can lick anything with that load of penicillin, so why not give it to them?"

In a Boston University experiment involving twelve hundred and fourteen students sugar pills turned out to be just as effective as antihistamine pills in "curing" colds. In a Bell Telephone Company experiment involving eight hundred and eighty-one of the company's Montreal employees sugar pills "cured" a greater percentage than antihistamines.

Why is the common cold such a formidable problem? How is it that brilliant men who have beaten nearly all man's infirmities can do nothing for their own colds except blow their noses? There are many reasons.

First, the cold is not much of a medical hazard. It's a minor nuisance in an era still stymied by polio and cancer. Then too no laboratory animal—except the expensive and difficult chimpanzee—can catch a cold. Researchers have failed to reproduce the common cold in rabbits, mice, rats, guinea pigs, hamsters, voles, cotton rats, grey squirrels, flying squirrels, hedgehogs, pigs, chickens, kittens, ferrets, baboons, green monkeys, capuchin monkeys, red patas monkeys or a sooty mangabey. Therefore there has been little or no study of the lesions caused by colds in the respiratory passages—a disease with no mortality provides researchers with no tissues to examine.

The record of failure with the common cold dates back centuries. In 1786 a treatise on the subject declared that a cold came from going too thinly clad, exposing the body to cold air after having been heated by exercise, or causing the pores to open by drinking warm liquors. A lot of moderns still hold to this theory.

Reluctant to give up the tenet that cold was a factor in catching colds some doctors later decided that exposure lowered resistance to a person's own throat bacteria, which had just been waiting for an opportunity to flourish. At the turn of this century it was settled that throat bacteria were not a primary cause of colds: the infection came from outside. Not until 1929 was it considered that colds are caused by a filter-passing virus incredibly small. This has yet to be proved because the cold virus has never been cultured, but evidence is piling up which indicates the premise is correct.

What relationship a chilling has to colds remains a mystery. Almost everyone suffering a cold can trace its cause back to a specific instance of chilling or overtiring, but doctors are unable to establish a reason for the connection. During exhaustive tests at the "cold laboratory" at Salisbury volunteers were given hot baths and then made to stand soaked in a draughty room for a few hours and to wear cold wet socks for a period after that. None of the volunteers who were thus chilled caught colds because of the chilling alone; other shivering heroes were also given a dose of live cold virus and only half of those caught colds.

Two types of cold virus have been identified: one incubates in one or two days and the other in three to nine days. There are probably other types, which is the reason why cold vaccines hold so little hope. In addition the cold virus, like the influenza virus, is so small that antibiotics like penicillin and aureomycin—which tear into most virus infections—have no effect on it.

Children have twice as many colds as adults and have cold complications much more often—and doctors don't know why. Women have more colds than men (industry figures its male employees will be away an average of one day a year with colds and its women three). No one can develop a permanent immunity to colds but it appears to be possible for a person to carry the infection without apparently suffering from a cold at all.

Some people are more susceptible to colds than others for no known reason and will get four or five colds a year, all of them real brutes. Sometimes such a sufferer will suddenly enter a period of fewer and milder colds and will attribute the delightful situation to a move to a warmer home, the adding of vitamin pills to the diet, fewer cigarettes, cold vaccine shots, earlier bedtime or vegetarianism. They get no argument from doctors, who are as confused as anyone else.

Colds do tend to wear out and disappear though if the community is isolated from the outside world long enough. The classic example is the northern port of Spitsbergen in Norway, which is ice-bound all winter. By midwinter the common cold has disappeared in the town and no amount of chilling or getting overtired can cause one to appear. With the arrival of the first boat in the spring heavy colds swamp the population, indicating that being isolated from cold germs greatly lowers resistance to them.

The work goes on in research laboratories, for as the antihistamine flurry has shown a life of luxury awaits the man who cures the common cold. When that day arrives proud medical students with new diplomas can stop flinching when a voice from the rear jeers: "If you're so smart, how about curing my cold?" ★

London Letter

Continued from page 4

liberty and hatred of taking orders. Admittedly his health is not very good, and he has never acquired a wife to solace and advise him. At any rate we had the strange spectacle of a man declining high place in government, an almost unheard of thing in England where political power means far more than wealth. So the Exchequer went to "RAB" Butler, the "middle of the roader" who has a fine brain and a rich wife. Nothing perturbs Butler, not even if a wagonload of monkeys appeared while he was speaking. A great minister of education, a fairly good under secretary of foreign affairs, he is now No. 3 in the party.

A Different World to Eden

It was thought that Oliver Lyttelton would have taken the Exchequer but his appointment to the Colonial Office is typical of the imaginativeness with which Churchill tackles things. Lyttelton comes of a great educational dynasty; he was decorated for bravery with the Guards in the 1914 War, he then became an immensely successful industrialist and was brought into the government as a novice minister in the last war. Now he gives up chairmanships and directorships worth forty thousand pounds a year to take over the administration of the colonies. In my opinion it is a brilliant appointment for, although Lyttelton is an indifferent speaker, he has imagination and organizing genius. The colonial territories are on the march. The subject races have caught the fever that is sweeping Africa and Asia, the fever of premature independence. The only way to satisfy their aspirations is to raise the standard of living, to create new industries and a new economic concept. If anyone can do that it will be Lyttelton.

I have not the space to deal with Churchill's appointments generally but I must not leave out Eden who has taken over the muddle of foreign affairs from Herbert Morrison who, to put it kindly, was the unluckiest foreign secretary in British history. Eden starts with great good will at home and abroad but it is a very different world from when he first took on the post of foreign secretary. Even during the rise of Hitler and Mussolini the voice of Britain still held high authority. To the average Briton at that time Persia was a garden which bubbled oil to the surface and gave no trouble. Egypt was well-behaved. China was numb with perpetual war. Russia was still in the throes of her revolution and threatened no one but herself, and the British Navy ruled the waves by permission of the United States Navy. Except for those two ranting idiots, Hitler and Mussolini, foreign affairs would not have been too bad. Against them Eden wanted a strong hand, or at any rate a stronger hand than that of Chamberlain. So Eden resigned. It was the honorable thing to do. Now he returns to the Foreign Office with an established record of personal integrity.

Today Eden speaks for a nation which was bled white in the Hitler War, a nation which is not paying its way although shouldering new burdens in every part of the world, a nation which is being defied by countries which once regarded her as the rightful overlord of the world, a nation which is divided within herself on a hundred issues. Will he be able to convince the outside world that Britain is still Great Britain, that her powers of resurgence are not gone but are merely waiting for the genius of leadership, that her moral contribution to the free nations is a debt that the centuries cannot pay and that she is indeed the supreme creditor among the nations?

Eden's voice will be strengthened by the dynamic genius of his leader. What a man is Winston Churchill! After his first speech as Prime Minister in this new parliament, a speech which he had to prepare amid the endless grind of

When holly dangles far and near;
When turkeys hang their costly heads;
When postmen almost disappear;
When good behavior swiftly spreads;
When shoppers yelp in bitter pain
As though a savage reindeer kicked 'em,
It's here—and I am, once again,
The festive season's starring victim.

—J. P. Whitewell

Tradition Counts

The Royal 22nd Regiment

Affectionately known as the "Van Doos", the Royal 22nd Regiment was organized in 1920 to carry on the fighting traditions of the 22nd Battalion C.E.F. In their motto, "Je me souviens" ("I remember"), they recall the stirring achievements of the Quebec militia in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812 and the Fenian Raids.

During the Second World War the Royal 22nd Regiment took part in the initial landing in Sicily and served in all the important engagements northward through Italy. In addition to their traditional duty of garrisoning the Quebec Citadel, the "Van Doos" have contributed to Canada's Special Force for service overseas. Proud of their glorious past, the Royal 22nd is one of Canada's honoured regiments in which . . . TRADITION COUNTS.

This illustration shows a private of the Royal 22nd in the ceremonial uniform adopted at the time of their affiliation with the Royal Welch Fusiliers. A full colour reproduction suitable for framing may be obtained by sending your name and address (please print) to Dept. A-312

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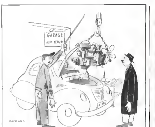

We'll only have to replace one part — this one

policy and cabinet making I ran into him in the lobby and he paused for a friendly word. It is instinctive to flatter a monarch, a prime minister or a great actor, but I spoke nothing less than the truth when I told him that he looked ten years younger. Absence of responsibility aged him; the acquiring of responsibility had rejuvenated him. He looks out at the reeling drunken world and his spirit soars at the challenge. "Things are bad," he tells the House, "but I have seen worse. I have no doubt that we shall emerge strong once more."

Winnie in Full Blast

It was the same voice we heard in 1940 when the hot breath of Nazism was on the Channel and (with her cubs) the old British lion stood alone. Churchill never believed Britain would be beaten by Germany. He does not believe today Britain will be beaten by her difficulties.

At home here in Britain we are to have the prescription as before: blood, sweat and tears. And already the spirits of the people are rising at the prospect. A famous New York columnist said to me the other day: "What the hell is the matter with you people? This is the most cheerful country I've seen for five years."

Once more the Churchill technique of sending directives, "For action this day," is in full blast. One or two young ministers are looking worn and no doubt thinking of the lush lazy days of Opposition. But Churchill recharges his batteries by exhausting them. The years fall away and the calendar shrivels like the liar that it is.

* * *

I started this letter by saying that a party which forms a government is different from a party in Opposition. That is quite true, for ministers can no longer join in the fine careless rapture of the smoke room and the dining room where backbenchers can say anything that comes into their heads or sink an arrowed epigram in any breast. The ministerialists must be like Hamlet's uncle who said, "My words fly up, my thoughts remain below."

With the socialists there is the reverse process. The ex-ministers are now on the same pay and have the same status as the back benchers except that they sit on the Opposition front bench. They are rediscovering the camaraderie of opposition and enjoying it, but such is the irony of human nature that they will continue to dream of the day when the cares of office will once more be thrust upon their willing shoulders.

As a participant and an observer of it all I do not doubt I shall have some exciting scenes to describe in the fateful months that lie ahead. ★

LAST LAUGH

Sharp repartee is not for me,
I never fill the lull
There was applause during a pause—
My stories are quite dull

My jokes, I'm told, fall with a thud,
No one dies with laughter,
The apt retort is not my forte,
It comes to me long after

But let them yawn, for while they've gone,
I've a consolation which is—
My wit burns bright through half the night
And I keep myself in stitches!

—Trudi Nelson

MAY I HAVE THE NEXT DANCE?

I envy the men of the ballet
Their breath-taking polish and grace—
I envy their flair
For alighting on air
And remaining suspended in space.
It would really be right up my alley
To join in their elegant show
As they expertly twirl
A delectable girl
By the tip of one delicate toe.

I'm seeking more scope for my talents,
I offer my services free—
If the ballet requires
A fan who aspires
To dance, simply call upon me.
There may be defects in my balance,
But my biceps and arches are sound.
Ballet-masters with vision
Are urged to audition
A man with both feet on the ground
Who has marvelled in rapt admiration
As the boys of the ballet give proof
Of their strength. Why, I've seen a
Robust ballerina
Tossed casually up to the roof;
Or launched from a high elevation
With zest, savoir-faire, and dispatch,
While the partner's confrère
Never rumpled her hair
With an equally laudable catch.
I'm eager to wangle a try-out at this
If they'll just overlook an occasional miss.

—P. J. Blackwell

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Backstage In Britain

Continued from page 5

eccentricities of wartime. Churchill sleeps eight hours out of each twenty-four but he takes six at night (2 to 8 a.m.) and two in the afternoon. When he wakes in the morning he conducts his business for several hours in bed, holding court to colleagues like a Bourbon monarch's levee. Naturally this system is easier on the recumbent Churchill than on colleagues who have to keep normal office hours. For the man unlucky enough to be summoned in the evening, sitting up with the PM until 2 a.m. is an exhausting, headachy business.

These things intensify, but at the same time diminish, Conservative hopes that their great man will soon retire. He should retire, he's said he would retire, but will he?

Conservatives smile ruefully at a story, supposed to be true, about the party conference at Blackpool a year ago. In the back room huddles everyone agreed Churchill should relinquish the party leadership. Everybody agreed, but—who would bell the cat? After much canvassing, the story goes, they persuaded his old friend Lord Halifax to pitch the case for retirement. Lord Halifax arranged to have dinner alone with Churchill and, with all his world-famous tact, he discoursed upon Winston's duty to the nation, to posterity. He simply must finish the memoirs, that unique repository of history; he simply couldn't afford to squander the precious days of old age in the dull petty routine of party administration.

Churchill listened amiably, sipping his brandy in high good humor. Lord Halifax began to think he was carrying his point. But at the end of it Churchill set down his glass and leaned forward.

"Edward," he said, "you talk very well. But Edward, there is one rule of my life which I have never violated since earliest youth. I never leave until the pub closes."

* * *

Allied but by no means identical with the question of Churchill's retirement is another: How long can the Churchill Government last?

Canadians accustomed to half-year sessions of parliament which all MPs are supposed to attend daily don't readily appreciate the difficulties of a majority of twenty-one in Westminster. The British parliament is in session most of the time, but British MPs—especially the Conservatives who are not full-time politicians—stay away a good deal. They must, to carry on their businesses.

Some Conservative MPs are already predicting a third general election in the spring. They can't stand the pace, they say—the last twenty months have been intolerable and the future looks even worse. In Opposition, at least they could choose their own time for protracted sieges. Now it will be the Labour Party calling the tune, and Government supporters will have to be on call continually.

To those who wonder whether Churchill could get a bigger majority, or any majority at all, in the spring, they reply with much assurance: "He'll go to the people and ask for a mandate. Tell them things are bad, may well get worse, and that they must have a stronger government in office. It'll be blood, sweat and tears all over again, and the people will respond."

But will they? A good many observers doubt it—1952 will not be another 1940.

In 1940 nobody talked about "fair shares for all." Hitler saw to it that rich and poor alike got their fair share of bombing and suffering and shortage. In that crisis Churchill was indubitably the man to rally the people. Not only his matchless oratory but his indomitable courage, a courage proven a thousand times from the cavalry charge at Omdurman to the assault of the V2s, gave him full right to demand every sacrifice from a loyal people.

This time it's different. Britain is in no danger of anything but scarcity—some lowering of a living standard which has been high and stable for several years. The sacrifice now demanded is petty by comparison, but are Churchill and his colleagues the right men to ask it? They are, after all, rich men. Churchill himself has two luxurious homes, one at Hyde Park Gate and one at Chartwell; his cigars cost four shillings each. R. A. Butler, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, is a man of solid means who married millions. Oliver Lyttelton, Lord Woolton, Lord Leathers are all wealthy. Even Anthony Eden, the most popular of present ministers, has never in his life been hard up.

Britons generally are going to be very hard up indeed if the cost of living goes on climbing as it's almost certain to do. It's a rash assumption that, after a hard winter and facing a hard summer, they will return the present Government by a bigger majority than it got in October.

For these reasons the commoner opinion here is that the Conservative Government will hang on as long as it can. Half a dozen by-elections in the wrong places of course could erode its little majority to practically nothing, so nobody quite rules out the 1952 election as a possibility. But if it proves possible, most people seem to think the Government will carry on for at least two years, long enough, they hope, for free enterprise and high competence to win through to better times than the grim trough that lies just ahead.

* * *

Scraps from a travel diary:

Driving through Somerset (headed for Midsomer Norton by way of Chewton Mendip) John Bird and I passed an ancient pub called, so help me, The Live And Let Live. It was only 10 a.m., but we stopped for a ritual half pint—opportunities like that seldom recur.

In the London subway trains one series of car-card advertisements is a kind of burlesque of British history with modern overtones. Example: A colored cartoon of Richard III at Bosworth Field with this verse:

Your Kingdom for a horse?
But an order is in force
And Government approval is required
for the swap
You must read the regulations
And write fifty applications
You will need a pen and pencil, so
remember where to stop
—Published in the interests of brighter travel by W. H. Smith & Sons (Stationers and booksellers).

It was pretty good anti-socialist propaganda during the campaign. Note that the ads were carried by the state-owned London transport system and you're half way to understanding the British Constitution. ★

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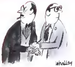
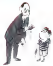
Drawings by Peter Whalley



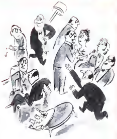
FRATERNAL

"Psst "



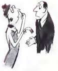
CHOCOLATE-COATED

" Gee, hello mister



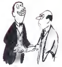
MORE SINCERE

"Harry, you old horse, haven't seen you since . . ."



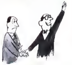
REFINED

"Charmed. I'm surely"



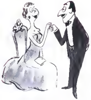
SINCERE

Always glad to meet anyone
in plumbing fixtures



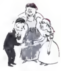
NOBLESSE OBLIGE

" Wonderful to see you again Herkimer."



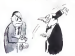
GALLIC

"You must let me show you Montreal "



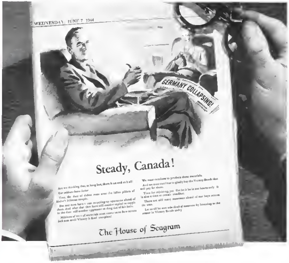
SHY

"Very Ideal Handsome young fellow like you not dancing!"



COMIC

You should see the look on your face Ed"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The Secret Life of Mackenzie King, Spiritualist

Continued from page 8

Mrs. Wriedt used a silver trumpet from which at her seances the voices of the departed would proceed. An old friend of Mr. King recalled: "She'd put the trumpet in the middle of the circle and it would roll around and stop in front of the person about to receive a message. I remember the thing rolling up to me and giving me quite a rap on the shin. The voice that came out did sound very like a person I knew who had died.

"However, I was a bit shaken when she got hold of somebody who was supposed to be French. That trumpet spoke very bad French."

Apparently that didn't shake Mr. King, whose own French was rudimentary anyway. He became more and more interested in spiritualism as the years went by. For the last twenty years of his life he found time on every trip to Britain for sittings with various mediums.

Mrs. Helen Hughes remembers the first sitting she had with him in the early 1930s. "I had no idea who he was. They don't tell us, you know. All I knew was a gentleman would be coming for a sitting at 10.30 in the morning. He just came in and sat down without saying anything.

"One of the voices I heard was a man who said he was his brother. Mr. King wanted to be told something about him and it came through that he was a doctor. After a while I got the name Mac. He said a lot about the family. He'd say, 'Do you remember, Willie, when we were children, do you remember so-and-so?' After it was over Mr. King said, 'I know that was my brother. He spoke of things nobody else knew, nobody but the two of us.'"

Through Mrs. Hughes and the late Hester Dowden, another medium of considerable fame, Mr. King got in touch not only with the human members of his family but also with his beloved Irish terrier Pat. Mrs. Hughes once reported to him: "Your sister is here and she has a beautiful dog with her. The dog doesn't seem to have been very long over there (i.e., very long dead)."

Mr. King was greatly impressed and told Mrs. Hughes a story he had told to many friends in Ottawa. The night before Pat died Mr. King's watch fell off his bedside table "for no apparent reason"; he found it in the morning face down on the floor with the hands stopped at twenty minutes past four.

"I am not psychic," Mr. King said, "but I knew then, as if a voice were speaking to me, that Pat would die before another twenty-four hours went by." Sure enough that night Pat got out of his basket with a last effort, climbed up on his master's bed and died there. Mr. King looked at his watch—it was twenty past four.

Mrs. Hughes' method as a medium is what they call clairaudience—she hears voices and reports what they say to the client. Sometimes though not always she can see figures and bodily forms. Sometimes she is in a trance, sometimes fully conscious, but in either case the message comes through in her own Scottish voice. Mrs. Wriedt was a "direct-voice" medium through whom the deceased could speak directly in his or her own earthly accent.

Hester Dowden and Miss Cummins got their communications by "automatic writing." Mrs. Dowden used to be fully conscious and made comments of her own, rather facetious and irreverent, on the messages coming through. Miss Cummins goes into a trance, she says, and loses consciousness completely before her hand begins to move across the page. She sits down and goes into the silence, shading her closed eyes with her left hand; after a while her "control," an ancient Greek named Astor, announces his presence and begins to send messages from other departed spirits. Miss Cummins writes all this down in a rapid script with all the words run together as one piece and in handwriting that varies markedly as different "communicators" speak.

Mr. King's habit was to take the written messages off the foolscap pad sheet by sheet as they were completed, and to keep the originals himself. He would send back copies to the mediums, often with comments of his own on the "evidential" material they contained. Of one message from President Roosevelt, reporting that F.D.R. had met Mr. King's mother, the Prime Minister said:

"The phrases he used, the characterization, were exactly what I'd have expected from Franklin Roosevelt if he'd met my mother in life."

These spirit messages, the originals as well as the copies, are still extant in Ottawa and in London, but even now they are treated as closely secret. None of the people associated with Mr. King's spiritualist activities will talk freely or willingly about him. Had it not been for an initial breach of silence just after Mr. King's death, they'd be even less willing to talk.

Most of King's contacts with mediums in Britain were made through Miss Mercy Phillimore, secretary of the London Spiritualist Alliance. Miss Phillimore won't discuss Mr. King's interest in spiritualism, won't reveal to whom she sent him or when or where. But she will talk very strongly and indignantly about that unfortunate statement in Psychic News that he "always sought spirit guidance in affairs of state."

"Mr. King was an investigator," she said. "He did accept the spirit hypothesis and he had the courage to say so, but he never ceased to be critical in appraising evidence. He was a highly intelligent man with shrewd judgment, and to say he consulted mediums for advice in statecraft is preposterous. It is also outrageous, an insult to his memory."

Actually Mr. King seems to have behaved in his psychic experiments with all the caution and circumspection he displayed in other things. The London Spiritualist Alliance, founded under its present name in 1884, is one of the oldest organizations of its kind. It is regarded in spiritualist circles as a pretty careful investigator of mediums' claims and it also has a reputation for secrecy.

Ordinarily, I was told, the mediums didn't know who Mr. King was. Miss Cummins recalls that at her first sitting with him she thought he was a clergyman from New York. She says she was so ignorant of Canada that she thought the capital city was Montreal, yet the messages on that first day included such relatively obscure names as W. S. Fielding, who was Mr. King's rival for the Liberal leadership thirty-two years ago, and Sir Oliver Mowat (Premier of Ontario in Sir John A. Macdonald's time).

Mrs. Helen Hughes says she had been giving him sittings over a period of four years, sometimes two in a single week, before she knew his name. She learned his identity for the first time in 1937 at a party given by the Duchess of Hamilton at the London Spiritualist Alliance headquarters in Queensberry Place, South Kensington.

One of the guests at that party was a Scotsman named J. J. MacIndoe, and it was he who first revealed that Mackenzie King was a spiritualist. He wrote a letter to the Psychic News just after Mr. King's death; the letter was published, and Psychic News promptly sent a reporter to interview the Duchess of Hamilton for more details. Both stories were widely reprinted in Canada.

With the secret thus broken, Miss Cummins wrote an appendix to the autobiographical book she was preparing, published this year under the title Unseen Adventures. It comprised a partial report of the two sittings she had with Mr. King in 1947 and 1948. Private and personal communications were deleted, but she did reveal that he had got messages from his family and from President Roosevelt.

She sent proofs of the appendix to a friend in Ottawa who showed them to Mackenzie King's executors. One of these, Duncan MacTavish, of Ottawa, was flying to England the next day on other business. Leonard W. Brockington, of Toronto, was already in London. Together they called to urge Miss Cummins and her publishers to suppress the story. Reluctantly, and at considerable cost and inconvenience, they agreed to cut out Mr. King's name and a number of identifying details, including the name of President Roosevelt.

In the book as published the appendix is entitled Reminiscences of a British Commonwealth Statesman. Mr. King appears as Mr. S., F.D.R. as X.Y.Z. Miss Cummins was rather taken aback when I turned up at Miss Gibbes' small house in Chelsea, already able from previous information to identify these pseudonymous characters and fill in a number of the deleted details. She is still worried lest she be accused of breaking faith in consenting to see me at all.

In general, though, people who knew of Mr. King's beliefs are glad the story is coming out.

Mediums differ a lot in their attitude toward their work and their own beliefs concerning it. Mrs. Helen Hughes is a minister of the Spiritualist Church and a professional medium—to her spiritualism is a religion and sittings an occupation. Miss Cummins, on the other hand, is a devout member of the Church of Ireland, a novelist and playwright by profession. Some of her books are ordinary novels about Ireland written with her conscious mind. Others she believes to have been dictated to her by writers now dead—many are chronicles of biblical times.

She is not a professional medium; indeed she does not give sittings at all except at the request of personal friends. Like Mackenzie King she regards spiritualism as enquiry and experiment, not worship, and she retains a certain amount of scepticism about the results.

But all spiritualists, the believers and the researchers alike, have an interest in letting the facts be known. They feel that if a man as eminent, as astute, as famous for realistic judgments as Mackenzie King was convinced their conclusions were genuine they have a right to his testimony before the world. While he lived his secret was kept with absolute fidelity, but they see no point in secrecy now.

Moreover they are absolutely convinced that Mr. King himself would agree with them. He told several people here in the later years of his life that it was his firm intention to publish a full account of his psychic experiments and beliefs in the memoirs he then hoped to write. He hadn't quite decided whether this chapter would be published during his lifetime or withheld until after his death, but publish it he would, sooner or later. He wanted to communicate his own unshakeable faith in the life after death.

"People who don't believe in survival," he once said to Mrs. Helen Hughes, "haven't yet begun to live."

Therefore they feel that whatever Mr. King's executors may desire, his own wishes are served by publication of the facts. From the little I knew of Mr. King I think they're right. If Mr. King's belief has turned out to be true, and if he is indeed looking over my shoulder from some astral sphere, I don't think he'll mind. ★

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And little boys like mine come home with.

—*Richard Wheeler*

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Postscripts To Our Own Baedeker

Sherbrooke, Que

I want first to thank you for the excellent publicity provided Sherbrooke through your wide circulation (Sherbrooke: Where Two Live As Happily As One, Oct. 15). However, most of the facts in the article were entirely misleading. Personally I object very strongly to the last item in which the writer stated that the Archbishop of Sherbrooke, Rev. Philip Desranleau, advised his people to vote for Armand Nadeau as he did not want me elected. This is an absolute lie! I positively know that if he (the Archbishop) had taken any part, which he did not, he would have been in favor of my election.—Chas. B. Howard, Mayor, Sherbrooke, Que.

● Thank you for the very fine article on Sherbrooke, Quebec. It expresses the feelings of our fair city exactly as they are. I am well qualified to speak on the *bonne entente* since, although I am French, my education has been entirely English. Let us hope the article will show some of the die-hard fanatics on either side of the fence that it is not a question of being English or French but of being a good Canadian citizen.—John J. Dunn, London, Ont.

● We would like to take up the cudgel on behalf of our hotels which were mentioned toward the end of the article in a definitely derogatory manner. We do not claim the hotels to be the best available anywhere in Canada but we do feel that in the main they are quite a bit better than those in similar communities across our Dominion. Furthermore, their owners are striving during the times of high costs to better the hotels and the service offered continually.—Harry Walker, Vice-President, Chamber of Commerce, Sherbrooke, Que.

Delhi, Ont

It was of great interest to me reading Tobacco Town (Sept. 15). Just thirty years ago I had the opportunity to visit Delhi and the district where all this tobacco is now grown. It was then a district of derelict farms. I went with a friend from Toronto who was trying to sell a lot of these farms on easy terms for a firm in Toronto and, in the train, I heard a man saying in a loud voice that he considered it a shame to encourage people from the Old Country to come out and then sell them such useless land. At that time I could have bought hundreds of farms there for a down payment of five hundred dollars on any of them, so badly was the land thought of; in fact it could hardly be sold at any price.—Alfred Gerable, Liverpool, Eng.

● After I had read your Tobacco Town I had a great desire to talk to the writer of that article for he had overlooked many things and made what I consider false statements. I feel it was an insult to the residents of Delhi thirty or more years ago. The writer described Delhi as a place of arid obscurity, a desolate community withering away on acres of blown sand.

Would arid land without irrigation grow vegetables for the canning factory, acres of strawberries and other small fruits? Would arid land grow cherries, pears, plums, peaches, grapes and apples that are second to none? Does arid land produce oats, barley, wheat, rye, buckwheat, soybeans, corn and hay to feed cows, pigs, horses and sheep and poultry that were on these farms?

It is less than one hundred and fifty years since our pioneer parents settled here and cleared the land and built the unpretentious homes spoken of.

They were industrious, patriotic, friendly, neighborly, God-fearing people who paved the way hoping for a better Canada. If these people had not paved the way our new Canadians would not be making money so easy.—Mrs. Bruce Wilkinson, Courtland, Ont.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

The article in the Oct. 1 issue, Charlottetown Likes to Laugh, appealed to me. You are the first of many whom I have seen dealing with Charlottetown and Prince Edward Island who have gone below the surface and revealed just what the P. E. Islanders are like.—F. R. Wallace, Halifax.

● Charlottetown Likes to Laugh was the darnedest compilation of near truths, half truths and utter falsehoods that I ever read.—W. M. Murphy, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

Lunenburg, N.S.

In the article (July 15) about the town of Lunenburg, N.S., Charles Rawlings states that most of the stained glass windows in St. John's Anglican Church are in memory of fishermen. If Mr. Rawlings will again read the inscriptions he will find that only a few are in memory of fishermen; the majority are dedicated to the memory of church members not engaged in fishing. Also after living in this town for several years I cannot call Lunenburg drab. Most people find it very colorful.—Mrs. Reed H. Barnes, Montreal.

The Senators Get the Squeeze

Many times I have heard the statement, as well as seeing it in the Press, that Senators receive $2,000 expense allowance *tax free*, but have paid little attention, as members of the Senate are accustomed to inaccurate statements about themselves and their work. However, when so outstanding an authority on parliamentary activities as Mr. Blair Fraser makes the same incorrect statement in his Backstage at Ottawa in Maclean's Oct. 15, I think it is time to call attention to the error. The Senators do *not* receive this expense allowance tax free; they pay income tax on both indemnity and expense allowance.—Iva Campbell Fallis, The Senate, Canada.

The Woodsworth Memory

I lift my hat to Maclean's and Blair Fraser for daring to write an article on the life of one of Canada's outstanding leaders, the late J. S. Woodsworth (Nov. 1). Labor owes a debt of gratitude to this good man. He was an outstanding example of self-sacrifice and is one man in our great Dominion whose memory should be perpetuated in bronze. He was no soldier, he was no statesman, and he certainly was no politician, but we the people are enjoying at the present time the fruit of his labor and self-sacrifice. All honor to Maclean's; we at least have his memory perpetuated in print.—T. Perry Hall, St. Andrews East, Que.

A Knight in Arms

Enter F. A. Wood, of Hensall, Ont. (Mailbag, Oct. 15), a knight in shining armor, mounted on a white steed, bearing the banner "Shame on Eric Nicol." Seems Eric used the word "damn" in his Marriage Clinic article (Aug. 1).

Mr. Wood is too, too typical of the dull little men who are cluttering up this Dominion from coast to coast. He was more concerned with searching for soiled linen than he was with the fact that here in front of him was the work of one of the wittiest Canadian writers since Stephen Leacock.

What's the matter with "damn"? It's not a swear word. It can be highly expressive, and I have heard it used by some of the best people, including members of the Church.

I suggest that Wood restrict his reading to Uncle Wiggily, which is tailored to little folk with his degree of sophistication.—George M. Martin, Toronto.

Should Homework Go?

As a teacher I quite agree with your article Let's Abolish Homework, in the Oct. 1 issue.—Milton H. MacInnes, Glace Bay, N.S.

● Instead of thinking, as many teachers seem to, that parents want homework for their children to keep them out of mischief, many that I know want them to do homework to improve that report card, the only real connecting link we have with school activities. Among my friends I know that to be the case. We are interested in results and if Little Johnnie isn't learning to spell, read or add, and teacher can't do anything about it, we rather desperately hope we can.—E. M. Thompson, Fort St. John, B.C.

The Coast's Worst Disaster

It was with great interest I read The West Coast's Worst Disaster, by Jim Nesbitt (Oct. 15). At the time of the Sophia disaster I was nursing at the St. Anne Hospital at Juneau, Alaska. Everyone was stunned by the catastrophe. The little gas boats came into Juneau loaded with oil-covered bodies on their decks.

I am enclosing two pictures (see cut) taken at the time of Sophia, one before she slid off, the other just shows the masthead. All that is left now is a buoy which marks the spot.—Mrs. M. K. Thoms, Victoria.

● My husband's cousin, Harry Bourne, was on that boat, coming out for the last time to live with his father and sister in Jarvis, Ont. My husband and I were living in Vancouver and to him fell the sad task of identifying his cousin when the bodies were brought there.—Mrs. C. E. Bourne, Montreal.

Too Many Millionaires

This is in protest against any more articles about multimillionaires. They are hard to take for the majority of Canadians who, like ourselves, belong to the working class. Needless to say, we find it grim trying to stretch our wretched little dollars to bring adequate food to our tables.

Does Sir James Dunn (The Last of the Multimillionaires, Sept. 15) know that the cost of living is climbing so alarmingly? If I had only three-quarters of one percent of his wealth I could be content!—Mrs. M. Morrison, Edmonton.

Charmingly Human Aldridge

The story by James Aldridge, You Laughed at My Father (Oct. 15), was, to me, a charmingly human and a realistic piece of boyhood literature. I enjoyed it immensely.—Mrs. Catherine MacDonald, Windsor, Ont.

Always a Massey

I was shocked to read in your usually accurate magazine that I am supposed to have said "that Canada join up as quickly as possible with the U.S.A." I didn't say it. I have never said it. I have never even thought it.

Pierre Berton, writer of the article in question (There'll Always Be a Massey, Oct. 15) has attributed to me an outrageously distorted quote from my brief to the Royal Commission on Arts, Letters and Sciences. What I did say to the commission was: "If we are ever to have a Canadian culture it will come as the result of full exposure to what is undoubtedly the fastest rising culture in the world today, that of the U.S.A."—Jack Cooke, Toronto.

Maclean's accepts Mr. Cooke's statement that he did not specifically suggest amalgamation of Canada and the U.S. Nonetheless this was the impression that his remarks left on at least one member of the Royal Commission. ★

WIT AND WISDOM

Horses Never Die Broke—Horse sense is defined as that thing which prevents horses from betting on people.—*Midland (Ont.) Rural Scene.*

The Earth Isn't Ivory—You can send a message around the world in one seventh of a second, yet it takes years to force a simple idea through a quarter inch of human skull.—*Kitchener-Waterloo Record.*

The Genius Also—A crank is a person interested in something you do not appreciate.—*Edmonton Dayland Sun.*

Take Note, Sir—An optimist is a man who marries his secretary and thinks he can continue dictating to her.—*Kitchener-Waterloo Record.*

Order, Please—Civil Service has been defined as something you get in restaurants between wars.—*Guelph Daily Mercury.*

Maybe in Utopia—A hick town is where there isn't a single place to go to that you shouldn't.—*Victoria Daily Colonist.*

Cure For Digestion—Fill the stomach with pork and turnip greens and place between the handles of a plow.—*Oshawa (Ont.) Times-Gazette.*

That Would Be Pluperfect—A mathematician asserts there is only one chance in forty million of drawing the perfect bridge hand. And only one in eighty million, we suppose, of drawing the perfect partner.—*Kingston Whig-Standard.*

Sufficient Unto Himself—As the crowd of saunterers thinned out the bartender saw an old customer sitting alone at a table muttering to himself. At times he'd laugh heartily and at others he'd cut the air with his hand in a gesture of great disgust. As soon as the bartender was free he went over to the man, saying, "Mr. Benson, you've missed your usual train. Mrs. Benson will be worried. What are you doing?"

"Can't I just sit here and tell myself stories?" Mr. Benson asked plaintively.

"Surely, surely," the bartender soothed him. "But what does that gesture of disgust mean which you make now and then?"

"Oh, that," said Benson, beaming, "that's when I tell myself one I've heard before!"—*Muenster (Sask.) Prairie Messenger.*

Showing Her Hand—The sorority girl had just received an engagement ring and wore it down to breakfast next morning. To her exasperation no one even noticed the ring.

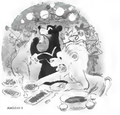
Finally, after fuming and squirming through the meal, a lull came in the conversation and she exclaimed, "My, it's getting hot in here. I think I'll take off my ring."—*Strathmore (Alta.) Standard.*

Native Intuition—"I am looking for a criminal lawyer," said the stranger. "Have you one in town?"

"Well," said the native, "we're pretty sure we have, but we can't prove it."—*Victoria Colonist.*

JASPER

By Simpkins



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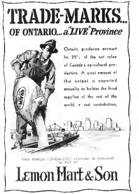

TRADE-MARKS...
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PARADE
THE GRIM AND BARE IT SECTION

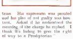
A DELIVERY VAN was parked on a Halifax street while the driver fed his horse. Watching the operation was a very drunk citizen who muttered, "You'll never do it. You'll never do it."

After ignoring his heckler for some time the driver turned and asked, "I'll never do what?"

"You'll never get that horse into that bag."

• • •

A motorist appeared in a Vancouver police court after he had narrowly avoided hitting a pedestrian. His expression was puzzled and his plea of not guilty was hesitant. Asked if he understood the meaning of the charge he replied, "I think it's failing to give the right of way to a Presbyterian."



• • •

A Prince Edward Island dentist asked his insurance agent to pick him up at his office and accompany him to the bank for a business discussion. As they left the office he noticed a car parked in front of the building. Assuming it belonged to the agent he stepped into the back seat and asked the young man at the wheel to drive them to the bank. Inside the bank the agent turned to the dentist and casually remarked, "Nice fellow that drove us up. Friend of yours?"

• • •

A B.C. woman journeyed twenty miles by bus last summer from her home at White Rock, B.C., to Vancouver where she bought a ticket for a bus line's advertised "mystery tour." It took her to White Rock.

• • •

A hunter knocked at the door of an Alberta farmhouse and asked permission to shoot at a flock of Canada geese which had alighted in the farmer's field. The farmer's wife not only gave permission but went to the pasture and brought back the family cow for the hunter to hide behind. She watched as the man slowly walked behind the cow, urging her nearer to the unsuspecting geese. She saw him shoot nine birds and immediately phoned her neighbors to come over for a goose dinner. As the hunter brought the cow back to the barnyard she hurried out and stood waiting for her geese.

"That was the best shoot I ever had," he beamed as he stored the nine geese in his car. "I'd like to give you one but I want to have my picture taken with the nine." He waved a cheery farewell and was gone.

• • •

A few weeks ago a well-dressed stranger stopped his car at a Prince George service station and asked for a full tank of gas. As the attendant toiled on the bill the motorist asked casually, "How are the roads south of here?" The garage man replied with a biting description of the shocking conditions of Cariboo roads, ending with the remark that he would like to get hold of that so-and-so minister of public works.

Then the stranger handed the attendant his credit card. It read: E. C. Carson, Minister of Public Works.

• • •

Treaty Day is an annual occasion when Indians are paid a cash bounty in fulfillment of various treaties which date back to Victoria's reign. It used to be celebrated as a sort of harvest festival but modern medicine has put

a damper on the fun for many old timers. Herewith a translation from a recent letter written by a Cree: "But now on Treaty Day the Indian is sad because that is the time the white men choose to stick needles into all the children, making them sick. And then everybody is looked through with an X ray before he can claim his money. I doubt that many are happy to have their hearts looked at to see how their heart stands and what they propose to do with their money that night."

• • •

Sign in a Brantford optometrist's window:

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Christmas is for remembering

Perhaps you remember this picture . . . the snowy woods and the sled-loads of trees on their way to homes everywhere . . . green symbols of our dearest festival.

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This Christmas is more than a season of joyful giving. It is a time, as well, to take counsel with our consciences, to reaffirm our belief in the right, to remember that amid the world's uncertainties we do not stand alone. With renewed faith and courage we may look forward to a day when good will among men shall bring true Peace on Earth.

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